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HERBERT SPENCER.

Herbert Spencer died at his home in Brighton on the eighth of December, at the age of eighty-three—Goethe's age and Tennyson's, within a few months. He was probably the greatest Englishman to outlive the century which he helped to make illustrious; he was, indeed, one of the greatest of the world's thinkers, holding for his province a larger area of human thought than any other man of his time. His immense command of facts, and his power to deal with them in the philosophical spirit, made his figure more im-

posing than that of Bacon, almost as imposing as that of Aristotle.

Writing in our last issue of the Herder centenary, we spoke of the ideas of the great German who died one hundred years before Spencer as having "won such general acceptance, and became so incorporated into the very fibre of our minds, that they seem to us commonplaces of thought." We no longer read the writings, because their contents have become a part of our consciousness. Something similar will be said of Spencer a hundred years from now; something not altogether dissimilar may be said of him at the present time, for in our day the world of thought moves on apace, and the assimilation of new ideas by the common intelligence of the educated public is a far more rapid process than it was in the age of Herder. Even now people do not read Spencer in a measure proportional to his influence upon them, and as the years go by, his books will become less and less the resort of students, although the ministry of his thought will not be lessened in like degree. For it must be admitted that, although he made the philosophy of style the subject of one of his minor studies, his own writings are not marked by the sort of style that makes literature out of prose composition, and have slight power to charm. They are imposing by their qualities of closely-marshalled logic and massive force, but they are, for the most part, without the power to attract. They attain at times, and particularly when the closing points of some weighty argument are reached, a certain grave dignity that is both impressive and memorable, but their general tenor is uninspiring as to form. They are of a kind with the writings of Aristotle rather than of Plato, of Kant rather than of Schopenhauer, of Locke rather than of Berkeley.

The bracketing of Spencer's name with that of Aristotle is justified by the striking similarity that exists between the methods and achievements of the two men. Both ranged over a considerable number of subjects, and sought to take the whole, or nearly the whole, of knowledge for their province. Both made vast collections of facts in various fields of investigation, and based their conclusions upon the most thoroughgoing processes of induction.

Both, having thus reached their conclusions in legitimate ways, proceeded to use them for the purposes of deductive application. Spencer was clearly a philosopher in the Aristotelian sense, but it is doubtful if we may call him a philosopher in the sense of Berkeley and Kant and Schopenhauer. Just twenty years ago, we ventured to suggest in these pages the view that, despite the philosophical temper of his thought, Spencer was not the creator of a system of philosophy in the commonly accepted meaning of that term, and to that view we must still adhere. He attempted a far-reaching synthesis of knowledge, to be sure, but it stops just short of what have always been held to be the essential problems of philosophy, the examination of the grounds of knowledge, and the ultimate reality which underlies this world of appearance. Spencer frankly eschewed the whole philosophical problem, in the stricter sense, by relegating these matters to the category of the unknowable at the very start, and refusing thereafter to concern himself with them. Those opening pages of the "First Principles" are so hopelessly inadequate to their theme, and occupy a position so circumscribed by limitations resulting from the author's lack of acquaintance with philosophical thought and his unwillingness to march upon its central citadel, that they do not call for serious consideration.

Having thus balked the whole question of ultimate reality, having deliberately restricted himself to the world of appearances as such, Spencer found himself on solid ground, and set himself the gigantic task of reducing to scientific order the phenomena of the physical universe, of the animate denizens of our sphere, and of man himself, in his threefold character as a thinking, social, and moral being. This is the scheme of the "Synthetic Philosophy" — first principles, biology, psychology, sociology, and ethics — ten volumes altogether, the product of half a century of unremitting intellectual effort, accomplished in the face of desperate discouragements and seemingly insuperable obstacles. A heroic task, done in the true heroic spirit, and signalizing by its successful issue the triumph of an indomitable purpose over physical frailty and public indifference.

The dictum that "nature makes no leaps" had been floating about in the history of philosophy for many centuries, but it was not until the middle of the century just past that it was transformed into a working formula. For ages men had held it as a sort of pious opinion, and then — such being the illogical

nature of the species — had gone on postulating the most surprising leaps in the development of the physical globe, in the succession of its plant and animal forms, and in the history of the political and social institutions of mankind. Geological cataclysms, special creations, and inexplicable revolutions in human thought and action had all been taken for granted for lack of insight into the underlying forces of progress, and upon that superficial and insecure basis a large part of the structure of human speculation had been reared. It is the imperishable glory of Spencer that he, first of thinking men, scattered all these easy assumptions to the winds by the power of synthetic vision fortified by unassailable logic. His was the mind that first formulated the law of evolution, and asserted its equal validity in the material, intellectual, and moral spheres. This magnificent conception took possession of his mind at an early age; he gave the rest of his life to its working out and its rigorous application to all the major problems of thought (save only those metaphysical or transcendental problems which were deliberately excluded from his purview); and so thoroughly did he accomplish his purpose that the terms of his thought are now the common possession of all thinking men, and even the unthinking are so constrained by them that, if they read Spencer at all, they are apt to wonder that so much credit should be attached to him for having said things so obvious; that he should, in the minds of any of the younger generation, lie under the reproach of a maker of platitudes, is, to students who view the history of thought in its historical perspective, the highest of all possible tributes to his achievement.

The extensions of science in our own day are so vast as to prevent any one man from occupying completely more than one narrowly restricted field of knowledge. Even half a century ago, scientific investigation had become so broadened as to make Spencer's programme one seemingly impossible of execution by a single individual. And it is no doubt true that while he was working at the fundamental problems of physics, and biology, and psychology, there were in each of these fields many scholars of far minuter knowledge, and far wider acquaintance with details. Spencer made no first-hand studies of the earth's crust, he made no naturalist's voyages round the world in search of material, he organized no laboratories of psychology. He dealt in the observations of other men, and made few of his

own. But he had an incomparable power of marshalling facts, and of perceiving the unity underlying phenomena that were diverse in appearance, yet in his comprehensive survey clearly related. Even in the field of sociology, the science in which his work was most nearly of a pioneer character, and which he may fairly be said to have created, he gathered his facts from the reports of travellers and the books of historians, and classified them in his own study. In the domain of ethics alone he was practically on even terms with his fellow-workers, for all the material necessary for a theory of morals are to be found in books, when the teachings of the books are supplemented by the lessons of such ordinary experience as comes to every one of us in the day's work.

Was Spencer handicapped by this second-hand relation to most of the facts with which he dealt? Were his perceptions of things blunted because they came to him through the medium of other minds? Did he suffer from being too much of a thinker and too little of an observer and experimentalist? These are questions that once seemed to have a certain point, and are from time to time still raised. It used to be asserted by those who would detract from his fame that the spokesmen of biology held him in great repute as a psychologist, and that the spokesmen of psychology thought highly of him as a writer on biology, but that both made reservations in the matter of his authority in their own respective sciences. This sort of comment, which is no longer heard as frequently as it once was, might easily be counterbalanced by an array of tributes, all the way from Darwin to Professor Giddings, paid to Spencer by the most distinguished men of science for his contributions to their own special fields of investigation. But all such discussion seems rather futile, in view of the immense dignity which came to invest his closing years, and the almost universal acclaim given to the totality of his work as a thinker. Now that he is of those who "sit with their peers above the talk," we may pay due reverence to his memory even if we allow that the very sciences to which he was devoted have advanced beyond the stage which is embodied in his books. Whatever the new facts that have been disclosed by the laboratories since the publication of the "Biology" and the "Psychology," and whatever new truths may be revealed by future investigation, the comprehensive law which was formulated by Spencer will hold good alike of

the thoughts of men and the process of the suns. That is a point of view of which mankind has assumed permanent occupation, and with the assumption a great mass of pseudo-scientific speculation has been swept forever into the lumber-room of the past.

To have fixed this conception in the very fabric of all rational thought is alone sufficient to mark the influence of Spencer as one of the most profound in the history of modern philosophy. It is a conception that will long continue to bear fruit, particularly in those fields of inquiry that are concerned with man as a social and political being, as a responsible moral agent, and as a creature swayed by religious emotion. It is in these fields that his work will continue to have inspiration for the twentieth century, and will help to mould the sociology, the ethics, and the religion of the coming generations. The conception of society as an organism, the evolutionary conception of conduct, which at last seems to point the way to a reconciliation between the hedonistic and idealistic views so long in conflict, the sublime conception of an infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed, compared with which the religious notions of the age of fable are seen in their true character as imaginings of the childhood of the race, — these are the ideas that the work of Spencer has implanted in the consciousness of men, and that his successors — men of science, philosophical thinkers, and even poets — will eventually elaborate into systems and shapes of which only the adumbrations are now perceived. And as this evolution of thought goes on, illustrating anew his own law of integration combined with differentiation, the far-reaching grasp of his constructive intellect will become more and more apparent.

If we were asked what particular aspect of Spencer's social doctrine had the most important bearing upon the present needs of civilization we should point to that unremitting insistence upon individualism which characterized his work all the way from the "Social Statics" of 1850 to the "Facts and Comments" of over half a century later. His closing years were greatly disheartened by the ever-increasing tendency of our modern societies to depart from this saving doctrine; and those who know even in outline what the history of civilization has been, and how hard the struggle to free individual initiative from the trammels of tradition and social pressure, may well share in the discouragement of the philosopher. For it seems

to many of us that civilization is recklessly throwing away the most precious part of its birthright, and that it is barking backward to the *régime* of status from which it emerged into vital activity only after ages of stagnation. The rising tide of socialism is interfering with contract on every hand, and the multiplication of governmental functions is everywhere encroaching upon the rights of the individual citizen. How clearly Spencer perceived these dangers, and how strenuously he sought to meet them, is evidenced by the writings of his later years, and particularly by the weighty warnings of his essays on "Man vs. the State." This part of his teaching is sadly discredited at the present time; some day it will be discovered that this was the part best worth heeding. He probably went too far in his protest against the supplanting of individual by social action, but a tendency to err in that direction would be less ominous to the interests of civilization than the opposite tendency which now offers such a menace to the future. "Back to Kant" has been of recent years a potent watchword among philosophers; we look forward to the time when "Back to Spencer" will be the cry among men concerned with social and political science, when statesmen and reformers, disillusionized by many failures, will cease attempting to make men wise and upright by external pressure, and will realize that the best government is the one that confines itself to the restraining of evil impulses and the creating of an environment of equal opportunity for free individual action. When that time comes, the name of Herbert Spencer will be held in higher honor than ever before.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A FAMOUS JAPANESE NOVELIST.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Japan has recently lost one of its foremost literati in the person of Mr. Ozaki, better known by his nom-de-plume of "Koyo Sanjin." He shares with Professor Tauboechi the honor of having introduced the modern style of novel-writing in Japan. The older novels were written in ornate classical style, and were very difficult to understand. But the modern school of fiction-writers, following European models, make their characters speak in common colloquial.

"Koyo" died of cancer of the stomach at the early age of 37. He had spent three years in youth in the Imperial University, but could not graduate, because, "his mind even then being filled with romantic ideas," he could not pass examinations in science! But it is stated that "the unscientific answers that he did write astonished the faculty by their literary skill!"

In addition to his proficiency as a novelist, he was also an adept in the composition of the seventeen-syllable ode known as *haikai*. On his death-bed he composed the following lines, to which we append comments by the editor of the "Japan Mail":

"*Shinaba aki
Tsuyu no kinu mo zo
Omokotobi.*"

"This verselet is an admirable example of Japanese impressionist poetry. Freely rendered it reads, 'Let me die in autumn before the dew dries'; words which recall, though they do not express, the familiar idea of the dew-drop evanescence of life in Buddhist eyes, and of the shining of night-petals on the petals of the autumn flower, the morning glory, 'The dew-drop slips into the silent sea.'"

Just before Ozaki's death, he urged a group of his disciples "to coöperate loyally and strive to rise still higher in their profession." He also said: "Had I seven lives to live, I would devote them all to literature."

ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

Tokyo, Japan, December 3, 1903.

TOTEM NAMES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Professor Starr asks, in a review of my "Social Origins" (THE DIAL, November 1), "are 'hide-scrappers' and 'dung-eaters' really totem-names, used and recognized by the [Sioux] totem-members themselves?" Of course they are not totem-names; totem-names do exist among the Sioux, but are yielding place, as I remark, to local names, such as "High Village." The derisive sobriquets, "hide-scrappers" and so on, are no doubt "recognized" by the persons thus designated, but Professor Starr has better opportunities than I of learning whether they are "used" by them. Probably not: the Eskimo ("eaters of raw meat") speak of themselves as "Inuit," "the men." The animal names of village groups in Europe are also "recognized" by the people designated, and I have heard a person gleefully proclaim himself a frog. But, in the case of genuine totem-names among savages, there is nothing necessarily derisive, there may even be compliment, in the animal names, which, like death, "are not an evil, because they are universal." My argument is that, in such circumstances, savages have become "proud of the title, as the Living Skeleton said when they showed him." There is nothing contrary to human nature in this opinion. Great parties, as Whig and Tory, have proudly adopted sobriquets of the meanest and most derisive origin; whereas animal names, in savage society, contain nothing necessarily derisive, and are notoriously the most common of personal names of individuals. My lists of actual group-sobriquets, among the Sioux, in Orkney, Scotland, France, England (I may add Crete and Guernsey), are merely illustrative of the tendency to give and use group sobriquets. In "the dark backward and abyss" of the savage past, — given savage ideas of the supernatural superiority of animals to man, — such names, though originally sobriquets, might readily, in course of ages, be adopted by the groups to which they were applied. If this did occur, the rise of totemistic myths and rites was inevitable. Professor Starr will note that the village sobriquets have a wider range than England, including, it seems possible, ancient Palestine; and perhaps, when once attention is drawn to the subject, such sobriquets will be found to exist in Europe generally. The point has not, to my knowledge, been examined. A. LANG.

Alleyne House, St. Andrews, Scotland, Dec. 11, 1903.

The New Books.

THE SIXTIES AS SEEN BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.*

It is no feeling of idle curiosity that inspires our interest in the accounts of a past time from one who has been acquainted with some of its leading men. So says Mr. McCarthy in closing his volume entitled "Portraits of the Sixties," in which he pictures with graphic pen many of the illustrious characters he had the pleasure of knowing personally in that eventful decade. The great names we associate with the England of 1860-70 would make a long catalogue. Two of the greatest of her novelists, Dickens and Thackeray, died within that period; Carlyle and Tennyson were at their best; Swinburne was coming into notice; Dante Gabriel Rossetti's poetical career began; Gladstone and Disraeli, Cobden and Bright were prominent in the political world; and Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, and Spencer commanded the attention of men of science. Events, too, of national and of international importance helped to render that decade a memorable one and to make the portraits of its chief men by so much the more worth preserving.

A matter which at first might seem of small significance, but which is big with meaning to him to whom nothing human is alien, is amusingly touched upon by Mr. McCarthy in his introductory chapter.

"It is well for the early sixties that they had so many splendid claims to historical recollection, but it may be said of them that if they had bequeathed no other memory to a curious and contemplative posterity, the reign of crinoline would still have secured for them an abiding-place in the records of human eccentricities. I may say without fear of contradiction, that no one who was not living at the time can form any adequate idea of the grotesque effect produced on the outer aspects of social life by this article of feminine costume. . . . A whole new school of satirical humor was devoted in vain to the ridicule of crinoline. The boys in the street sang comic songs to make fun of it, but no street bellowings of contempt could incite the wearers of this most inconvenient and hideous article of dress to condemn themselves to clinging draperies. Crinoline, too, created a new sort of calamity all its own. Every day's papers gave us fresh accounts of what were called crinoline accidents — cases, that is to say, in which a woman was seriously burned or burned to death because of some flame of fire or candle catching her distended drapery at some unexpected moment. . . . A woman getting

into or out of a carriage, an omnibus, or a train, making her way through a crowded room, or entering into the stalls of a theatre was a positive nuisance to all with whom she had to struggle for her passage."

Still stronger terms might have been used to describe the influence of this monstrous fashion. Crossing the Channel, we find the church revenues of France falling off alarmingly because of the fewer chairs that could be let to hoop-skirted women, one such inflated worshipper filling the space formerly occupied by three of her sex. As a result, the charge per chair had to be raised.

The author's portraits of statesmen and orators are especially good. He has a keen relish for able public speaking and debating, and his judgment is so discriminating that he enables the reader to see how each one of a group of great orators is preëminent in his kind. For Cobden and Bright his admiration is enthusiastic. An interesting speculation is indulged in regarding the result that might have followed Cobden's acceptance of the place he rejected in Palmerston's cabinet about the time our civil war broke out. With his thorough knowledge of America and Americans, with his ardent advocacy of negro freedom, and with the Queen's sympathies on the side of the North, would he have been able to make head against Palmerston's pro-Southern policy and thus have averted the Alabama troubles? Probably not, says our author; yet it is not unreasonable to think it might have been. The portrait presented of John Bright is most attractive. Mr. McCarthy's admiration of him as an orator, as a statesman, and as a man, is unreserved. He held him as superior in oratory to Gladstone — an opinion that once made Bright himself positively angry, so modest was the latter's estimate of himself, and so hearty his admiration for Gladstone. A short passage from the book will place Bright before us in one phase at least of his pleasing personality. It also illustrates anew the old truth that humor is akin to love, that the genuine humorist is always a person of kind heart and of large charity toward his enemies.

"Bright was a master of genuine Saxon humor. Some of his unprepared replies to the interruptions of political opponents in the House of Commons were marvellous examples of this faculty, and are frequently quoted even now in speeches and in newspaper articles. But there was nothing whatever of levity in Bright's humor, and his most effective satirical touches seemed as if they were intended rather to rouse into better judgment than to wound or offend the man at whom they were directed. I think the one defect which Bright could

* *PORTRAITS OF THE SIXTIES.* By Justin McCarthy. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

not fully forgive in any man was want of sincerity. I have heard him again and again in private conversation enter into the defence of some extreme political opponent on the ground that the opponent, however mistaken, aggressive, and even unjust, was acting in accordance with his sincere convictions. I can remember many instances in which Bright strongly objected to certain criticisms appearing in the newspaper representing his own political creed, on the ground that they were not quite fair and would be likely to give pain."

An incidental mention of the tariff question leads the author to declare that, as no "subtlety of plausible argument will ever induce England to return to what used to be called the principle of divine right in government," so there is "just as little reason to fear that any such argument can prevail upon her to make at this time of day a reactionary experiment in the way of protective tariffs." Let us hope he may not prove a false prophet.

The author's acquaintance with Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, and numerous other men of letters, supplies him with a fund of entertaining reminiscence concerning books and writers. It was Dickens's amazing versatility that most impressed him in contemplating the man, and he sets before us this quality in a way that will impress even those that thought themselves already acquainted with the great novelist. Strikingly in contrast with Dickens's portrait is that of Thackeray, of whom also Mr. McCarthy was a cordial admirer. In presenting the physical man Thackeray, the portrait-painter has somewhat blurred his picture by representing him on one page as having eyes that "never gave out the penetrating flash-lights which Dickens could turn upon those around him," and on another as having eyes that "beamed with a penetrating light even through the spectacles." The charm of Thackeray's public readings, or lectures, is thus recalled:

"Thackeray had, indeed, none of the superbly dramatic style of delivery which made Dickens's readings and speeches so impressive. His voice was clear and penetrating and his articulation allowed no word to be lost upon his listeners, but he never seemed to be making any direct appeal to the emotion of the audience. No accompaniment of gesture set off his quiet intonation, and he seemed, indeed, to be talking rather at than to the crowd which hung upon his every word. . . . I observed on many occasions that the audience seemed to become possessed by a common dread lest anything, even an outburst of premature applause, should interrupt the discourse and cause a word to be lost. I noticed this especially in some of the more pathetic passages, as, for instance, in the closing sentences of the lecture on George the Third — that marvellous description of the blind, deaf, and insane old king as he wandered through the halls of his palace

and bewailed to himself the deplorable conditions of his closing days. The most studied dramatic effects of voice and action could not have given to those passages of the lecture a more complete and absorbing command over the feelings of the listening crowd. Every one appeared to hold his breath in fear that even a sound of admiration might disturb for an instant the calm flow of that thrilling discourse. . . . I have heard many great orators and lecturers in my time and in various countries, and I never made one of an audience which seemed to hang upon the words of the speaker more absolutely."

Mr. McCarthy's acquaintance with celebrities has been of the widest. Artists, actors, scholars, philanthropists, travellers — anyone of marked individuality is a congenial subject for his pen. A striking contrast is that of Sir Richard Burton, as depicted before his marriage, and the same man after woman's gentle influence had subdued and refined him. Here is Burton before he had bent his neck to the conjugal yoke:

"He was quick in his movements, rapid in his talk, never wanted for a word or an argument, was impatient of differing opinion, and seemingly could not help making himself the dictator of any assembly in which he found himself a centre figure. His powers of description were marvellous; he could dash off picturesque phrases as easily as another man could utter common-places; could tell any number of good stories without ever seeming to repeat himself; could recite a poem or rattle off a song, could flash out jest after jest, sometimes with bewildering meanings; he was always perfectly good-humored, and he was always indomitably dogmatic. If he thought you really worth arguing with on any question which especially concerned him, he would apply himself to the argument with as much earnestness as if some great issue depended on it, and with an air of sublime superiority which seemed to imply that he was keeping up the discussion, not because there could be any doubt as to the right side, but merely out of a kindly resolve to enlighten your ignorance whether you would or not."

The Burton of later days was "kindly, considerate, patient of other men's opinions, ready to put the best construction on other men's motives, unwilling to wound"; and this change was wrought by "the sweet and gentle influence of that woman whose very eyes told the love and devotion which she felt for him, and the tenderness with which she applied herself to bring out all that was best in him."

Most excellent are the accounts of Thorold Rogers and Professor Goldwin Smith. Our civil war being mentioned in connection with the latter's hearty espousal of the cause of negro freedom, Mr. McCarthy, who was himself emphatically on the side of the North in the great dispute, refers to the division it caused among his countrymen. "The majority

of that class which we describe as society," he writes, "took the side of the South, while the best intellects of England in politics, literature, and science, and the whole mass of the English working population adhered to and advocated the cause of the North." Surely, he has here, in a moment of forgetfulness, given the "best intellects" more than due credit. Gladstone, Carlyle, Martineau, to name no others, were of Southern sympathies. The list could doubtless be considerably extended.

The author's love of music and the drama prompts him to furnish many a pleasing portrait from the stage. In describing that excellent comedian, Robert Keeley, he commends especially the thoroughly wholesome nature of his fun, and humorously adds: "The most scrupulous daughter might have safely taken her mother to enjoy any of Keeley's performances, and the good lady might have laughed her fill over his looks and his utterances without any dread of a censorious world." Here, as elsewhere, the writer's style is a delight to the reader, being easy, fluent, enlivened with humor and warmed with kindness, happy in its choice of the right word, and passing from topic to topic in easy transition and sufficiently rapid succession. One more quotation must be made to show the author's command of descriptive epithet. Sir Richard Bethell, afterward Baron Westbury, made a name for himself in the House of Commons as a master of corrosive sarcasm. His peculiar style of parliamentary retort is thus described:

"Bethell's way was to let his eyelids droop as if he were affected by a sudden access of shyness, just as he was about to pour out on some opponent in debate his most vitriolic sarcasm, and to deliver this sarcasm in tones of dulcet gentleness, as if he were paying a delicate compliment by which he hoped to endear himself further to its recipient. He had a clear, impressive voice, and could speak powerfully whenever he thought fit, but he was sure to adopt the cadences of bewitching blandness whenever he seized on the chance of making his opponent an object for the ridicule of the House. . . . When Bethell, with half-closed eyes, head modestly bent, and mild and gentle tones, poured gently out his phrases of vitriolic scorn, the listener felt that a new and cruel charm came in to make the contempt all the more withering to its object and more intensely amusing to the audience."

The pictures that thus vividly appeal to the eye of reason are reinforced with abundant portraits addressed to the eye of sense, the whole making as entertaining a volume as one need ask for on a winter's evening.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

LONDON ON LONDON.*

In the summer of 1902, Mr. Jack London, of California, undertook to explore the recesses of the British metropolis. What he saw, heard, and did, he has set forth in a volume of over three hundred pages, with numerous illustrations. The account he gives is a straightforward one, and there is no reason why it should not be accepted at its face-value, — the broad facts, indeed, being already too familiar to those who have lived in London.

I had just finished reading the book, and was feeling very kindly toward its enthusiastic young author, when my eye fell on an advertisement of it ("Science," Nov. 18), which ran as follows:

"Mr. Jack London's New Book. 'As thrilling as the best of his fiction.' . . . An account of the labor and life of the London slums — of the conditions of poverty, degradation, and suffering in the East End. It tingles with all the vitality of his fiction, and is full of such vivid realism as is only possible from a man who knows London as Mr. Jacob A. Riis knows New York."

Putting aside the absurdity of comparing the author's knowledge of London with Mr. Riis's of New York, we cannot feel otherwise than indignant at the manifest suggestion that the misery of the East End will afford such amusement to those in more fortunate circumstances that its recital is equivalent to "the best of his fiction." Sixteen years ago, William Morris fulminated against the well-to-do people who amused themselves by "sentimentalising the sordid lives of the miserable peasants of Italy and the starving proletarians of her towns, now that all the picturesqueness has departed from the poor devils of our own country-side, our own slums," — but he did not know that even these last could be made a source of entertainment, given a clever showman.

I am willing to believe — indeed, I do believe — that the advertisement cited does Mr. London a great injustice. He can hardly be blamed for having produced a readable and interesting book, nor can he be expected to wish it other than a large circulation; but if he is as sincere and as earnest a reformer as we judge him to be, he will doubtless be disappointed as he comes to realize the true character of its reception. Yet in time he will find that his seed has sprouted in unexpected places, and the harvest will be tardily but surely gathered in.

It is neither possible nor desirable, within

* THE PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS. By Jack London. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

the limits of a review, to give any account of Mr. London's experiences; but it is worth while to quote his comparison of the English with the Alaskan Indians, since he knows both at first-hand, and the latter are recognized as among the least favored races of mankind.

"In Alaska, along the banks of the Yukon River, near its mouth, live the Innuits folk. They are a very primitive people, manifesting but mere glimmering adumbrations of that tremendous artifice, Civilization. Their capital amounts possibly to \$10 per head. They hunt and fish for their food with bone-headed spears and arrows. They never suffer from lack of shelter. Their clothes, largely made from the skins of animals, are warm. They always have fuel for their fires, likewise timber for their houses, which they build partly underground, and in which they lie snugly during the periods of intense cold. In the summer they live in tents, open to every breeze, and cool. They are healthy [when they do not catch some disease of civilization, the author might have said], and strong, and happy. Their one problem is food. They have their times of plenty and times of famine. In good times they feast; in bad times they die of starvation. But starvation, as a chronic condition, present with a large number of them all the time, is a thing unknown. Further, they have no debts.

"In the United Kingdom, on the rim of the Western Ocean, live the English folk. They are a consummately civilized people. Their capital amounts to at least \$1500 per head. They gain their food, not by hunting and fishing, but by toil at colossal artifices. For the most part, they suffer from lack of shelter. The greater number of them are vilely housed, do not have enough fuel to keep them warm, and are insufficiently clothed. A constant number never have any houses at all, and sleep shelterless under the stars. Many are to be found, winter and summer, shivering on the streets in their rags. They have good times and bad. In good times most of them manage to get enough to eat, in bad times they die of starvation. They are dying now, they were dying yesterday and last year, they will die tomorrow and next year, of starvation; for they, unlike the Innuits, suffer from a chronic condition of starvation. There are 40,000,000 of the English folk, and 939 out of every 1000 of them die in poverty, while a constant army of 8,000,000 struggles on the ragged edge of starvation. Further, each babe that is born is born in debt to the sum of \$110. This is because of an artifice called the National Debt" (pp. 311-313).

This is strongly put, but perhaps the worst part of it all is left unmentioned. The Innuits people are living, I suppose, nearly as well as their nature permits; but the English are stunted and warped, so that what they become bears no resemblance to what they might have been. Mr. London discusses the rapid deterioration of the breed in the midst of the city, — so rapid that the urban population would disappear in a few generations, were it not replenished from the rural districts. He does not, perhaps, sufficiently distinguish between the inferiority due to birth and that due to environment. It is a comforting doctrine to

some, that the poor are so because of their natural inferiority. It need not be doubted that the two things often go together; but it has been well shown that the children of the poor, removed to better surroundings, will exhibit undreamed of abilities. On page 309 of Mr. London's book is given proof of this; for it appears that Dr. Barnardo has picked up from the streets of London and sent abroad 13,840 boys, most of them to Canada, and *not one in fifty has failed*. That is to say, that the very breed and race which is complacently said to have dug its own grave in the East End of London is capable of great success, given reasonably favorable circumstances. If it could be shown that the Abyss only swallowed up the worthless, even then we should deserve the utmost condemnation for our inhumanity in the manner of their destruction; but when it appears that it is a great machine for the cutting-off of the English in the fulness of their strength — this is "race suicide" indeed!

Mr. London does not despair of the English. As an American, he knows the blood too well to do that. But, says he, "the political machine known as the British Empire is running down." Just what he understands by this phrase is not wholly apparent. If he supposes that the things he describes are the result of any purely "political" conditions, the fact of similar things existing in every great civilized country, not excepting the United States, should convince him to the contrary. However, in many places throughout the book he speaks distinctly and emphatically of the social injustice which is the real cause of the evil, — and it is only fair to understand his use of the term political in this light, meaning, as the word properly means, the whole management of civilization.

Whatever meaning the dreadful recital of English conditions may have for England, it has precisely the same meaning for America. Our author's fair State of California has already its San Francisco, and with the increase of "prosperity" resulting from transpacific commerce the western shores may yet become the scene of worse things than he has known. If it is to be otherwise, it must be because the people of the West, wiser in their generation, set themselves to prevent it. And it may be that the resistance offered to the extension of white slavery will bring about the freedom of those already in bondage; for thus does history repeat itself.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

THE COURSE AND LAWS OF EMPIRE.*

It is difficult, at first glance, to say whether Mr. Brooks Adams's book on "The New Empire" is written by a journalist or by a serious thinker of the most progressed school of economic theorists. At first, the easy, rushing style, and the attempt to hammer into the reader's consciousness in short energetic phrases the ideas which the writer looks upon as all-important, suggests newspaper writing of the superior type. Yet upon second thought we see that this electric "up to date" mode of expression covers a cosmic idea of vast magnitude and scientific directness; and that this rapid survey, this literary railroading toward the goal, presents after all a stately array of facts for the support of the truly Darwinian doctrine that "man's destiny must ultimately depend upon his flexibility." The question is whether this method is not too business-like to be altogether fair, too hasty to be safe. The vastness of the problem Mr. Adams purposes to discuss in the "New Empire," and the apparent waywardness of the hypothesis which he offers as its solution, seem at first sight too disproportionate. The problem set forth is the familiar puzzle, familiar from countless histories of civilization, why the seat of the world's power and of empires has constantly moved from east to west, from south to north, until it has gone half-way around the globe and has lately established itself in the New World.

In explanation of this, Mr. Adams offers not merely the time-worn lullaby concerning the mysterious successive calls of God to the nations to bear the burden of wealth and civilization, or the newer and more substantiated one of the movement of trade, and accordingly of power, from one commercial centre to another, as the trade-routes change and competitors arise for the precious possession. Mr. Adams's special and pet theory goes further than these, and declares such change in the seat of empire to depend solely on nearness to or possession of an abundant supply of food and other necessities, and also a sufficient supply of the useful metals for defense or for medium of exchange. These means of wealth exhausted, the centre of trade, of communication and centralization, moves on to a more suitable location, lodges with another nation, settles within another sphere of labor.

To say that this theory is ingenious is very

mild praise; it has the character of true insight into the elemental causes of human activity. For what can be truer in its simple potency than the statement at the beginning of the book, often repeated but always equally impressive in its directness, that as self-preservation is the predominant instinct in man, so he must procure food by cunning or by violence; that demand for food leads to intercourse, to trade, to war; that intercourse of whatever kind always follows the easiest path, where transportation is cheapest; in fine, that food and means of defense constitute man's chief economic necessities upon which the development of power and civilization depends.

But with the possession of wealth comes also the possibility of controlling the destiny of other nations, of grasping the world's trade and dictating to the customer. This possibility, however, is based on the power of organization, on centralized energy and prevention of waste. Hence the importance, for doing business on a large scale, of combinations of capital and enslavement of labor, such as the *negotiatores* of Rome and the trusts of to-day. Mr. Adams is modern enough to take into account this element of competition from the very start. According to his idea, it was not merely present but omnipresent in the rise to preëminence of ancient Baktra and Samarkand no less than to-day, and regulated the world's commerce in a manner a thousand times more intricate than the casual observer imagines. Not upon the sword, but in the last instance upon the power to underbid chance competitors in the world's market, rests the opportunity of a country to rise to a commanding position and exercise control over other countries, even to the extent of making them its dependencies. Hence, as the world is constituted, comes the rise of all world-empires, such as the Babylonian, the Assyrian, Grecian, Roman, Great Britain, and Greater Russia. This last New Empire of the United States is due to economic supremacy rather than to political, to the presence of abundant supply, rapid and cheap exchange of commodities, and, last but not least, to a highly centralized mode of production which can serve all at the smallest expenditure. And this is the reason that Mr. Adams thinks the trusts an economic necessity, without which America could not have secured her present commercial supremacy. The function of government in this formation of imperial power is to ease the process, not to retard nor for any dogmatic reason hinder it. Government is

* THE NEW EMPIRE. By Brooks Adams. New York: The Macmillan Co.

nothing but the tool to promote the welfare of the people; hence if it proves obstructive to commercial enterprise and industrial expansion it may fatally injure the growth of power and thus the material success of the nation, and may itself perish in the struggle. Whether President Roosevelt would be sufficiently convinced by this reasoning to abandon as futile his attempt at trust legislation, there is no way of telling; but Mr. Adams's "warning voice" might well make him hesitate.

Evidently Mr. Adams is altogether oblivious of such antiquated religious survivals as the notion of right and wrong in the wholesale destruction of small industries; nor is the political shibboleth of individuals being free and equal of any account in his view of the onward march of economic conditions. He has stated once before that he does not believe in the influence of ideas upon the destiny of nations. They obey far more an instinct, and instead of being free agents are but subservient atoms in the whirl of energy. Hence Mr. Adams wastes no time upon theological whitewashing of the mighty or the cruel deeds of man. They were actuated by a force greater than their conscience or their civilization. "Nature" is the all-encompassing power which stands behind and plays fast and loose with all man's petty rules, gives him his chance, or withdraws it if he is not ready to seize it. Mr. Adams sees the evidence of Nature's intentions in the rise and fall of nations and of empires. He appears to us a pantheist of the school of Positivists, — or should we simply call him a disciple of the doctrine of environment after the manner of Demoulins?

But however bold in his assertions, and free from the restrictions of moral and religious precepts, there is no need of quarrelling with Mr. Adams because of his views. To have opinions, however startling, about life, or man, or Nature, is an author's prerogative, and may serve him as a recommendation rather than otherwise. The thing one can quarrel with Mr. Adams about is his method. The means which he sets forth more or less emphatically, as preferable for acquiring the true understanding of history and accordingly of the meaning of man's destiny, is frankly to abandon the bewildering and wasteful German mode of ascertaining the truth by the study of detail, and instead to seek only for the large and plain lines of development. From these it is the student's duty to discover and construe the universal law which governs life and which is the

only profitable thing for people to know. That this law is in itself an uncommonly hard and dreary thing, that it is constantly the same, and hence wearisome in its monotony, makes no difference. The profit of discovery is worth the effort, and Mr. Adams experiences genuine joy and pride from it. When this law is discovered, the next thing of importance is to gather the facts which best illustrate the working of the principle, to put them into their proper relation and let them speak for themselves — Mr. Adams in this particular case remaining passive. But this passivity which he claims seems to be only a pleasant make-believe; the very act of generalization which the author advocates as the correct method, and employs all through, seems to us to be eminently his own active way of discovering the particular principle he is after; whereas the theories promulgated seem decidedly the cause rather than the effect of the manner in which the facts have unfolded themselves to his mind.

No one goes to the work of a generalization of this kind without the idea he wishes corroborated plainly in his mind. Hence the reader is almost of necessity forced to accuse the author of artfully trying to pass off as innocence what is only feigned indifference. Mr. Adams, indeed, in his preface and elsewhere, makes a great point of the necessity of generalization as the only means by which logical connection can be found between isolated facts. He makes a desperate and even angry attack on research work as being futile because so largely done for its own sake. We are nothing loth to see the importance of synthesis brought to the fore in public discussion, after such long and ardent harangues about the unrivalled advantages of analysis. But it may be permitted to say that of the two methods discussed by Mr. Adams generalization is certainly the one which least insures sound training or keen historical judgment. Only the master of method, the ripened thinker, the thorough scholar, and scarcely even they, can generalize without foisting upon the world some half-truth or making their readers victims of their personal bias.

Of course Mr. Adams points to the necessity of reasoning on a scientific basis, from cause to effect, along the lines of physical and biological truths already accepted. But the habit of applying scientific rules to philosophic facts is still so new, so little has been done to establish even approximately the true connection between the two, that almost any theory may be forwarded, generalization reign supreme, and no criterion

be found by which to test the soundness of the conclusions arrived at. The data of history, especially of the far past, are too pliant a material not to fit almost any doctrine. The question is only how to pick one's examples and cover them with the necessary quantity of plausible commentary. The public is altogether too fond of generalizations that have the semblance of common-sense not to be indulged in the amplest way on every platform and for every purpose. In fact, unless extreme care is exercised we shall soon find ourselves in a maze of generalization from which only the axe of patient research (not for its own sake) can deliver us. Hence at the present juncture Mr. Adams's passionate demand for generalization sounds somewhat preposterous.

Although the author in his book really lives up to his idea, as far as his idiosyncracies permit, and gives perhaps the soundest and best balanced treatment of history on a large plan that his method warrants, yet his advice concerning future study of history must be taken largely *cum grano salis*. However interesting and suggestive his own work, his method may easily lead to the blatant superficiality which is the horror of the conscientious student. Mr. Adams himself perceives the danger to which his reasoning may expose both his book and the idea it represents, and he offers both, not as a finished theory, but as a hypothesis for meditation by the enlightened and thoughtful. But a full-fledged suggestion, when eloquently put, is often more influential in turning men's thoughts than the accepted theory which is already somewhat brittle and worn.

The rather uncompromising Positivism of our author is perhaps best shown in the statement on page 196: "Nature abhors the weak." To us it seems that Nature has good use for the weak no less than for the strong, and in her minute economy wastes no material, not even the apparently most contemptible. Indeed, we are inclined to state, with a well-known economist, that without the weak the strong would not be; the strong rest on the support of the weak, both are necessary, hence Nature employs both. And pray what in the merciless order of "Nature" constitutes strength but a momentary advantage? If the old scholastic subservience to certain pet phrases (of scientific color but speculative origin) could be eliminated from late philosophic literature, there would be more soundness and fewer fads. The survival of the fittest is a theorem almost done to death in all popular speculation, but what this mysterious

fitness really stands for in the subtle household of Nature still remains to be seen.

Mr. Adams's book is unquestionably a very courageous and interesting attempt at solving the problem of transmission of energy in the world's development from one centre of activity to another. It is suggestive of much keen observation, incessant study, and logical combination of facts. It certainly presents a much more thorough coöperation of philosophic and scientific method than commonly prevails. But it nevertheless strongly suggests the same old necessity of careful study of detail, in order that if generalization on a large scale is henceforth to be the order in American liberal education, the facts shall truly support the conclusion, and that synthesis in all its generous breadth shall be upheld in the basic particulars by a stout and reliable analysis.

A. M. WERGELAND.

FOR LOVERS OF R. L. S.*

There are certain of our literary passions (to borrow Mr. Howells's phrase) that have in their composition a curious admixture of jealousy. The Borrovians, for example, remain more than content that their author should be without honor in the form of popularizing articles in the literary journals; and lovers of the FitzGerald of the Letters do not welcome the uncountable pocket copies of the "Rubaiyat." Mr. J. A. Hammerton, the compiler of "Stevensoniana," is not likely, however, to find himself offending any such sentiment, for the most bookish among Stevenson's admirers have never regretted his appeal to the unliterary reading public. Nor need the relevance of the book, which is announced as a "miscellany of anecdote and criticism, inscribed to the lovers of the man and admirers of the artist R. L. S. the world over," be questioned. That element in the Scottish character which complements the traditional reserve was sufficiently strong in Stevenson to absolve the editor of any such volume from the charge of impertinence. We have cause for gratitude in the fact that Stevenson never approached dangerously near the line crossed by so many of his literary compatriots, from Carlyle and the Laird of Auchinleck to Mr. Crockett and Mr. Barrie. He was not merely a Scotchman, but, as Henry James put it, a Scotchman of the world. But it re-

*STEVENSONIANA. Edited by J. A. Hammerton. Illustrated. New York: A. Wessels Co.

mains true that his personality was "a marketable thing," to quote the phrase wrathfully uttered by W. E. Henley in his memorable outburst of two years ago; and no publication which recognizes that aspect of the Stevenson of literature and life is wholly without excuse for existence.

The literary and critical merit of the compilation is decidedly uneven. It could hardly be otherwise; since, as we are informed, the editor searched for his material in the "forgotten pages of English and American periodicals" (and newspapers, it should be added), as well as in "books by writers of eminence not entirely concerned with Stevenson." To the devout Mussulman, no scrap of paper that bears the sacred name of Allah is worthless. It was possibly a modified form of this reverential spirit which actuated Mr. Hammerton in pursuing his researches; for not a great part of the rescued "copy" which makes up the first seven or eight chapters of the book has any value as a contribution to our knowledge of Stevenson. A description, by Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, of Stevenson as he appeared during his California days is worth quoting for the sake of comparison with a different estimate lately expressed.

"A man of the frailest physique, though most unaccountably tenacious of life; a man whose pen was indefatigable, whose brain was never at rest; who, as far as I am able to judge, looked upon everything from a supremely intellectual point of view. . . . A man unfleshly to the verge of emaciation, . . . whose sympathies were literary and artistic; whose intimacies were born and bred above the ears."

In the recently published "Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson" we find Mr. John Kelman emphasizing the close relation between the flesh and the spirit indicated in Stevenson's expression of his personality. "At all times he is a spirit very deeply embodied in flesh," he says in a passage which "The Athenæum," in reviewing the book, praised for its penetration. "In the flesh, as he depicts it, you constantly discern the spirit breaking through; in the spirit, you seem still aware of the red tinge of flesh." Professor Stoddard knew Stevenson personally, Mr. Kelman knows him only through his works; and we have again the old contrast between the "rosy-gilled athleticæsthete" whom Mr. William Archer discovered in the Stevenson of the essays, and the "rickety and cloistered spectre, R. L. S."

An interesting reminder of an amusingly incongruous episode in Stevenson's career is the article reprinted from the "Daily News"

of London, and containing extracts from the testimonials given by Stevenson's friends in 1881, at the time of his application for the Edinburgh chair of history. Sir Leslie Stephen wrote: "I know of no writer of Mr. Stevenson's standing of whose future career I entertain greater expectations"; John Addington Symonds spoke of him as "having the temperament of an artist who cannot acquiesce in work that falls below his own standard"; Mr. Andrew Lang described him as "the most ingenious and refined writer of his generation." Mr. Robert Leighton's letter, quoted from "The Academy" of March 3, 1900, recalls the fact that for several years after this incident of his candidature, the recognizable earnings of the most ingenious and refined writer of his generation continued to be chiefly limited to praise. Thirty shillings per column of twelve hundred words was the "higher terms" demanded four years later by the author of "Treasure Island," when the serial publication of "Kidnapped" was being arranged for. The *El Dorado* of the American magazine was as yet an undiscovered country, whose frontier had not been reached by the Amateur Emigrant.

A paragraph in Mr. Harold Vallings's "Temple Bar" essay, describing Stevenson at Davos in 1881, shows him in a more familiar light than that of a candidate for professorial duties.

"I have a most vivid recollection of a first view of him homeward bound from one of these before-breakfast [tobogganing] expeditions. He was dragging himself wearily along, towing a toboggan at his heels, his narrow, hunched-up figure cut clear against the surpassing brilliance of the white Davosian world. With that pathetic half-broken figure making so dominant a note in one's recollections, one marvels indeed at the fortitude that made possible his later achievements. Through the closing weeks of that winter season it was my hap, through sheer good luck, fostered in some measure by a nascent enthusiasm for Art, to foregather pretty frequently with the courageous invalid, and only once do I remember his uttering a despondent word. 'I can't work,' he said to me one day. 'Yet now that I've fallen sick, I've lost all my capacity for idleness.'"

Most can raise the flower love of idleness to-day, but twenty years ago the lament quoted above could have been uttered by no one but the author of the "Apology for Idlers."

An Auckland, New Zealand, newspaper furnishes a report of an interview with Stevenson on the subject of the best course of study for young men with literary aspirations, in which he said:

"If a young man wishes to learn to write English, he should read everything. I qualify that by excluding the whole of the present century in a body. People

will read all that is worth reading out of that for their own fun. If they read the seventeenth century and the eighteenth century; if they read Shakespeare and Sir Thomas Browne, and Jeremy Taylor, and Dryden's prose, and Samuel Johnson, — and, I suppose, Addison, though I never read him myself, — and browse about in all the authors of those two centuries, they will get the finest course of literature there is. Those are the two extremes. What we have tried to do in this century is to find a middle-road between the two extremes, mostly and usually by being more slovenly. I have only one feather in my cap, and that is, I am not a sloven."

Among contemporary writers, Stevenson found Sir Leslie Stephen and Mr. George Saintsbury best worth recommending to the colonial aspirants after a literary style. And the comment upon Scott is characteristic.

"I would have your students read Scott, — but I wish you could put down my expression when I say this; it would save a good deal of explanation. He was undoubtedly slovenly. He makes me long to box his ears — God bless him! — but to a luminous and striking degree he was free from the faults that a great many of us possess."

In the chapter headed "Miscellanea" are quoted the dedications to the set of his works presented by Stevenson in 1888 to his physician in the Adirondacks, Dr. Trudeau. They will probably be new to most readers. "Kidnapped" bears the following inscription:

"Here is the one sound page of all my writing,
The one I'm proud of, and that I delight in."

"Prince Otto" has this verse:

"This is my only love-tale, this Prince Otto,
Which some folks like to read, and others not to."

"Familiar Studies of Men and Books" is thus prefaced:

"My other works are of a slighter kind;
Here is the party to improve your MIND!"

Best of all is the amiably ironical comment upon his "Travels with a Donkey":

"It blew, it rained, it thawed, it snowed, it thundered, —
Which was the Donkey? I have often wondered."

An article in the same division, on the interesting Trevor-Haddon collection of "Letters to an Artist" contains an error which the editor was probably not in a position to detect. Instead of there being only five copies of the book in existence, as stated in the review quoted, several hundred copies were printed by the American publisher, and the regret that "only a favored few will ever have an opportunity to read the letters in their entirety" is consequently unwarranted.

More than a dozen poems to Stevenson are grouped in a separate chapter. Among the poets represented are Mr. William Watson, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, Miss Guiney, Mr.

James Whitcomb Riley, Mr. Austin Dobson, and Mr. Bliss Carman, who has two poems, one the fine threnody "A Seamark." Mr. Edmund Gosse's beautiful dedication to his volume "In Russet and Silver," — "To Tusitala in Vailima," — which called forth the last and the saddest letter Stevenson ever wrote, is printed at the beginning of the chapter on "Island Days." It is a pity, unhappily familiar as we are with the reverse of the medal, that Henley's exquisite lyric "To R. L. S.," with the unforgettable closing lines —

"And we lie in the peace of the Great Release,
As once in the grass together,"

should not have been included among the memorial poems.

The editor's labors in gathering his material for the chapters on "Stevenson the Man," "Stevenson the Artist," and "R. L. S. and His Contemporaries," were better rewarded than in the case of the biographical selections. Almost every contemporary writer of note, professional critic or not, is represented in the excerpts from critical articles. Mr. Henley's famous "Pall Mall Gazette" essay is quoted at great length. The unsigned article from "Blackwood's" (pp. 252-3), — from the pen of Professor Millar, if internal evidence based on resemblance to the Stevenson chapter in the "Literary History of Scotland" has any value, — is the only other example of criticism not entirely sympathetic. Even those writers who emphasize their recognition of Stevenson's limitations, as do Sir Leslie Stephen and Mr. David Christie Murray, do not maintain an unqualifiedly judicial attitude. And some of the novelist-critics, notably Mr. Quiller-Couch and Mr. Crockett — to whom many literary sins should be forgiven for the sake of the phrase "His heart remembers how" in the dedication to the "Stickit Minister," — have touched their highest point of sincerity of expression in the essays called forth by the death of the fellow-worker whom they loved. A comparatively unfamiliar piece of serious criticism, represented by several extracts, is Miss Alice Brown's fine though somewhat dithyrambic "Study of Robert Louis Stevenson," which was printed, for private circulation, in 1895. It concludes as follows:

"That Stevenson could hold up his head and troll his careless ditties to the sun, after that Miserere of the soul, opens the mind like a flower to the possibilities of human regnancy. One man has looked hell in the face and stayed undaunted. One man has peered over the gulf where suns are swinging and unmade stars light up the dusk, and yet retained the happy sanity

of our common life. He returned from his Tartarean journey lifting to the unseen heaven the great, glad cry of ultimate obedience. Therefore will we not despair, nor wish one thorn the less had sprung before his feet. We are the stronger for his pain; his long conflict helps to make our calm. For very shame we dare not skulk nor loiter now; and whither Stevenson has gone, there do we, in our poor halting fashion, seek the way."

Few readers, even though they be Stevensonians, will close this book without realizing anew the truth of the old charge that Stevenson has been overpraised. Some of his critics have loved him so well that they have judged him ill. Yet it is not inevitable that the personal affection which Stevenson alone of the writers of our day knew how to inspire should result in loss of critical balance. It is possible to feel all the charm of his marvellous style, so imitative and yet so unique, and still be incredulous when Dr. Watson says, "We judge that our master will go to the high table and sit down with Virgil and Shakespeare and Goethe and Scott." And in the picturesquely erratic wanderer we may be content to recognize something less than a guide, and yet be blind to none of the beautiful spectacle of his life and death.

M. F.

RECENT FICTION.*

Mr. Crawford's new novel, "The Heart of Rome," makes the usual presentation of those types of Roman society that have been so frequently limned by the author as to become very familiar to us. There is the wealthy Baron Volterra, banker and politician, whose past is too shady to bear investigation, and his wife, whose one desire is to obtain admission into the charmed circle of the aristocracy. Then there is the dowager Princess Conti, with all the faults and prejudices of the older generation, and her daughter Sabina, in whose sincerity and simple strength the younger generation is most charmingly typified. This exquisite creature makes a highly engaging heroine for the

romance; the hero is found in a man of resolution and intellectual power, by birth an aristocrat, but by choice a republican, an engineer, and an archaeologist. So much for the *personnel* of the story. The substance is provided by the search for a treasure asserted by legend to be hidden beneath the foundations of the Palazzo Conti, and by the danger offered to such a search by the "lost water" which flows beneath many Roman buildings, and for which archaeologists have never been able satisfactorily to account. In the course of the story, the treasure is discovered, and turns out to consist of two ancient statues of priceless value. When the discoverer takes the heroine to see what he has unearthed, the "lost water" floods the passages through which they have entered, and threatens both with death from starvation. By working almost to the point of exhaustion, the hero breaks open a way of escape, and both lives are saved. This problem solved, the social problem must next be grappled with, for the situation has been a horribly compromising one in the eyes of the world, and the reputation of the heroine is sure to be lost if the fact ever becomes known. There are other complications which we have not space to consider, but will simply state that all difficulties are in the end cleared away. It is even more enjoined upon us to say that the story is surprisingly interesting — far more so than anything else that Mr. Crawford has done of late years, — and this for the very reason that he has in a measure left his well-beaten track, and centred his new novel about a situation which is both freshly-conceived and ingeniously contrived.

"The New Arabian Nights" has evidently served as a model for "The Strange Adventures of Mr. Middleton," by Mr. Warden Allan Curtis. Mr. Middleton is a young clerk in a lawyer's office who is found one rainy night on South Clark Street, Chicago, carrying back to the emporium of Mr. Marks Cohen the dress-suit which he has recently rented from that obliging Hebrew for the purpose of taking part in a certain social function. Taking refuge from the rain in a shop which he happens to be passing, he is invited within, and there makes the acquaintance of the hereditary emir of the tribe of Al-Yam. This engaging Oriental has come to America to mingle with the Feringhis in order to

* THE HEART OF ROME. A Tale of the "Lost Water." By Francis Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MR. MIDDLETON. By Warden Allan Curtis. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

WHEN I WAS CEAR. A Romance. By Arthur W. Marchmont. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

SIR HENRY MORGAN, BUCCANEER. A Romance of the Spanish Main. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.

HESPER. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Bros.

THE WEB. By Frederick Trevor Hill. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE BEATEN PATH. By Richard Lawrence Makin. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE MILLS OF MAN. By Philip Payne. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

OVER THE BORDER. By Robert Barr. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE BARONET IN CORDUROY. By Albert Lee. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

HETTY WESLEY. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: The Macmillan Co.

BARRE OF GRAND BAYOU. By John Oxenham. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

STELLA FRIGELIUS. A Tale of Three Destinies. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

DOCTOR XAVIER. By Max Pemberton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE MASTERFOLK. By Haldane MacFall. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE RELENTLESS CITY. By E. F. Benson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

collect some new stories for the entertainment of his royal master, who had got tired of the old "tales of genii and magicians, of enchantments and spells, devils, dragons, and rocs." He has learned many strange things during his Western sojourn, and is confident that the Arabian potentate will be much impressed by their interest and novelty. But he thinks it wise to try them upon someone else as a preliminary, and invites his new acquaintance to play the part of sympathetic listener. This is the framework which serves to connect a most surprising series of adventures, recounted from night to night in the Clark Street shop. The stories show a freshness of invention and a sense of humor much out of the common, and we could wish that there were many more of them. In the end, the emir becomes enamoured of an American maiden whom he has met at Green Lake, Wisconsin, and in consequence renounces his country, his religion, and his leanings toward polygamy, joins the Presbyterian Church, and becomes united to the object of his affections. Through his generosity, young Mr. Middleton is enabled to marry a young woman of Englewood upon whom his heart has long been set, and all ends happily, save for the Arabian potentate who thus loses his chance of being regaled with the choice inventions of our author. But this loss is our gain, and we cannot be expected to have more than a shadowy sort of sympathy for this modern Shahriyar.

"When I Was Czar," by Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont, is a story and nothing else. It is, moreover, a highly sensational story, made up of nihilist plots, and court intrigues, and ambushes, and murders. The hero is an American of magnificent "nerve," and the heroine is a wronged Russian princess whose champion and deliverer he becomes. Mr. Marchmont has in this case indulged himself in a more extravagant invention than heretofore, and has cast aside all pretence of tolerable diction. The book is one that has no conceivable relations with literature, yet we must admit that as a story its interest is fairly absorbing.

The history of "Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer" provides a stirring subject for the latest romance from the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady's prolific pen. The story is concerned with the final phase of Morgan's life, when the death of Charles II. in 1685 loses him his governorship of Jamaica, and he goes buccaneering again. The author has taken great liberties with history, which are perhaps justified by his romantic ends. He gives us, for once, a tale that has a Spanish gentleman for its hero, and the change from the long succession of Spanish villains is both welcome and historically just. In the character of Morgan, we have a real pirate, a composite study from many documents, about whom there is no glamour save that of resourcefulness and reckless daring.

Mr. Garland's "Hesper" tells the story of a young woman, bred to the life of society in the narrow and ignoble sense, and profoundly dissatisfied with it, yet seeing no way of escape from its

deadening influences, until a happy chance sends her to the far West—to the mountains and the mining-camp. The needs of a young brother, in delicate health, bring about this change of scene, and then begins for her a process of regeneration which is destined eventually to vitalize her interests and strengthen her character. At first she revolts against the bitter necessity of contact with the rude manners of the frontier, and of association with people whose breezy energy and primitive good temper are not sufficient to atone to her for their lack of what she has hitherto called cultivation. Meanwhile, the sickly younger brother—a genuine and lovable boy, albeit more slangy than was really necessary to make him convincing—takes to the new life like a duck to water, and the sister finds it impossible either to leave him or to take him home with her. The hero is introduced at an early stage in the story, being presented as the foreman of a ranch to begin with, and afterwards as an adventurer in the uncertain game of mining. He has upon him the shadow of a mysterious past, and is equipped in the present with most engaging qualities of courage, resolution, and downright manliness. As the story nears its climax, it becomes the record of a strike in the mining-camps, and the author holds his scales with judicial balance, recognizing the rights and the wrongs of both parties to the conflict. He also succeeds in making the narrative one of breathless excitement, without resorting to sensational devices. The romantic outcome is what the reader has a right to expect, and he closes the book with the sense of having assisted in a dramatic spectacle, and at the same time of having witnessed a consistent development of character in the case of the heroine, at least, if not in that of the hero. We do not hesitate to say that "Hesper" represents the best work that Mr. Garland has done; in it he has sloughed off most of his earlier defects of thought and expression; his asperities have become softened, and his rawness has undergone a transformation into something very like urbanity. And all this evolution has been accomplished without any diminution of the earnestness and the energy which first directed attention to him as a writer. It is a far cry from "Main-Travelled Roads" to the present volume, it seems almost too far to be accounted for by a mere matter of fifteen years.

"The Web," by Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill, is a novel which takes us into the thick of American business life, the region in which unscrupulous corporate interests, legal chicanery, and corrupt politics are inextricably interwoven. Such is "the web" which we are called upon to disentangle. A divorce suit and a murder provide interests of a more private nature. All this material is skilfully combined into a story that moves logically from point to point, and is told most successfully from the constructive point of view. It is intensely real, if not exactly inspiring, and the types of character presented are faithful studies from the life. Such fiction as this is the inevitable product of such a civilization as

we now boast; it certainly fulfils the purpose of holding the mirror up to nature as it is here and now, and exhibiting the form and pressure of the time in which our lot is cast.

In "The Beaten Path" by Mr. Richard Lawrence Makin, a new writer whose further acquaintance we shall hope to make, a path of invention is chosen which, if not already "beaten," is by way of becoming so. The story is of labor, capital, and politics, of fraudulent company promotion on the one hand, and of the rising tide of socialism on the other. Yet we fancy that the intention of the author in selecting his title was rather to emphasize those private relations between men and women which served fiction for a beaten path long before the political and social issues of the present day came into the foreground of our life. Be this as it may, Mr. Makin has given us a novel of unusual strength and interest, informed by high ideals of public and private morality, yet by no means taking the form of a sermon explicitly formulated. As a study of political corruption, the scene of the novel is very fittingly placed in what is probably the most corrupt of the American Commonwealths. The Levenson Car Works, about which the story centres, are situated in one of the smaller cities of Pennsylvania, and the formation of the "trust" of which they are the basis affords a convenient opportunity for illuminating the methods of modern finance and politics alike. All this serious matter is skilfully interwoven with a skein of complex personal interests that excite the sympathies to an unusual degree, and lead up to a climax which, if a trifle melodramatic, supplies the arch with a most effective keystone. There are half a dozen or more studies of character drawn with singular firmness of hand, and offering types of strongly contrasted interest. Altogether, the performance is an exceedingly creditable one, and we congratulate the author upon a highly successful first book.

Another first book is "The Mills of Man," by Mr. Philip Payne, a brother of Mr. Will Payne, who already has several good books to his credit. This work, like the one just mentioned, is steeped in actuality, and presents a picture of present-day politics which is almost brutal in its realism. It combines a political struggle for the reelection of a Republican Senator from Illinois, as well as for the State ticket, with a corrupt scheme for obtaining franchise control over the public utilities of Chicago. All the principal types of politician are represented, — the city boss, the free silver demagogue, the foxy old-timer, and the wealthy aspirant for public honors. The reformer also appears, but only in unworthy caricature, and the mention of his activities always provokes a sneer and leaves a disagreeable impression. Mr. Payne's political figures are not portraits of existing individuals, but composites in which we recognize now one, now another, of the men who have recently played conspicuous parts in the politics of Illinois and Chicago. A great deal of the book is jargon — it could not deal truthfully with its subject were it written in pol-

ished English — but the author is capable at need of a dignified and impressive form of speech, as in the following passage, which illustrates the reflections of a cultivated woman spectator upon a scene in the State Convention. The advocates of free silver have made a strong showing under the leadership of the Governor of Illinois, in whose figure one may easily recognize some, at least, of the characteristics of the late Mr. Altgeld. "Who were nobler, those men of riches in the cities, with their loose morals, their cynical contempts, their conception of the world as an exchange to make profits in and as a mart to buy sensual luxuries in, or those country lawyers and unpolished yeomen, morally austere, who cherished in this corrupt day the ethical ideals of the high Anglo-Saxon race, and who were animated now by a vision of Justice enthroned and human brotherhood become an institution? Mrs. Corlis poignantly suspected in her soul that the dream of these men might be the authentic modern vision of the weal of Saint Augustine's *Civitas Dei*, the City of God." A few such gleams of idealism light up the pages of Mr. Payne's book here and there, and give heart to the reader well-nigh disheartened by an exhibition of greedy and selfish motives that he must sadly recognize as only too truthful.

Mr. Barr's "Over the Border" is a straightforward historical romance of the Long Parliament and the Civil War. Strafford and Cromwell are the leading figures, as far as the history is concerned, and the romance is supplied by a daughter of the attainted Earl and a venturesome Scottish free lance. The intrigues of Charles with his Scottish allies are at the basis of the action, which relates mainly to a mission sent by the latter to the King at Oxford to obtain legal warrant for their participation in his cause. Hero and heroine make the perilous journey in company, and the outcome is what the seasoned novel-reader expects. Mr. Barr does not slobber over his work, as is the wont of many writers of this sort of fiction, but gives us a clean-cut and logically-developed narrative, which economically adjusts the means to the ends, and exhibits trained craftsmanship at every point.

Mr. Albert Lee, in writing "The Baronet in Corduroy," has deserted the romantic times of Spanish rule in the Netherlands for the comparatively prosaic life of England at the close of the seventeenth century. The Stuart plot to invade England provides a certain element of romance to the narrative, which is otherwise concerned with the debtor's prison, the gossip of the coffee-houses, and the follies of fashionable society. The baronet in corduroy is a reckless and dissipated noble who wastes his substance in gambling and debauchery, yet contrives by superficial qualities of grace and heroism to win the love of a pure-souled country maiden, the heiress to a large fortune. The marriage, the miseries that follow, and the subsequent release of the heroine from an abhorred union make up the substance of the story, which is of only

average quality, and in no way particularly noteworthy.

A novel that verges close upon history is provided by Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch in his "Hetty Wesley." The heroine is the wayward sister of John and Charles Wesley, and the story of her life, as told largely in the family letters, is profoundly moving. As the story progresses, we become intimately acquainted, not only with the unfortunate Hetty, but also with all the other members of the remarkable household to which she belonged until driven forth for her sin by a stern parent. The author handles his theme with delicate sympathy, and is remarkably successful in imparting vitality to his scenes and characters.

"Barbe of Grand Bayou," by Mr. John Oxenham, is a story of the Breton coast. A young woman and her morose father live together in a lighthouse. The girl has grown up with no other human companionship, and promptly falls in love with a youth whom one day she happens to rescue from the boiling waters. Presently a rival appears, who contrives to put the favored lover out of the way by hurling him into a cavern. Incidentally, the rival falls in himself, breaks most of his bones, and dies a lingering death. His victim, on the other hand, survives, lives for some weeks among the stalactites, eats rock-doves and their eggs, has a desperate fight with a devil-fish, and finally attracts the attention of his friends by contriving a sort of torch which he thrusts through a cleft in his prison-walls. No sooner is he rescued than he is charged with the murder of his rival, who, it will be remembered, had disappeared on the same day with his victim. When finally acquitted through evidence unearthed by his friends, and by the aid of a brilliant Parisian advocate, he marries the girl, and the story ends. It is a thrilling sort of tale, related with the author's keen sense of dramatic and picturesque effect, already well-proved by his previous romances. The devil-fish episode is a little too obviously imitated from Hugo, but what is the poor novelist to do if all the good situations are debarred him by the fact of their having been used before?

Mr. Rider Haggard has strayed far from the wonted paths of his invention in the composition of "Stella Fregelius." Here we have no fantastic record of adventures in strange lands, but a story of simple English life, made romance by investment with an air of mysticism. The hero is a dreamer whose dreams receive practical embodiment in an invention called the aërophone, which is an application of Marconi telegraphy to the telephone. Circumstances of a very natural and material sort lead him to marry a practical, domestic, sweet-tempered English girl, a creature of flesh and blood as distinctly as he is a creature of the spirit. The heroine proper is a maiden of Norse ancestry whose life he rescues from shipwreck (in a literal sense). She is a somewhat uncanny person endowed with something in the nature of second sight. Becoming the real companion of his life (although in all purity), she is

tragically taken from him. He broods over her death, and seeks by force of concentrated will to summon her spirit back into his existence. In other words, he deliberately cultivates a morbid tendency, and the hallucination for which he yearns is finally vouchsafed him. Ideally, this means the accomplishment of his desire; practically, it means that he becomes insane, and dies of an overwrought condition of cerebral excitement. The story is developed with considerable skill, but Mr. Haggard does not know how to join his visions with his facts. Realism and Spiritualism stand side by side throughout the work but remain ever incongruous and disunited. Perhaps we can best express our meaning in this criticism by saying that the author needs the peculiar power displayed by Bulwer in "Zanoni" and "A Strange Story," and unfortunately does not possess a whit thereof. He attempts what is to a writer of his temperament and matter-of-fact imagination the impossible, and thus fails to produce the desired effect.

There is a strain of mysticism, mingled with much sensuous and dramatic material, in Mr. Max Pemberton's "Doctor Xavier." In one aspect, the writer seems to have emulated so cheap a model as Mr. Boothby's Doctor Nikola; in another, the prototype of his fiction seems to have been the sort of romance which we view in "The Prisoner of Zenda" and its numerous literary progeny. The malign purpose of Doctor Xavier is to gain control of a petty Spanish principality on the Pyrenean border; he seeks to accomplish this end through the medium of an innocent young woman upon whom he exerts a semi-hypnotic influence, but who in the end escapes from his toils and thwarts his villainy. The story cannot be taken seriously from any literary point of view.

"The Masterfolk," by Mr. Haldane MacFall, is a depiction of Bohemian life in London and Paris which seems at the start to have the makings of a capital story. Until we get half-way into the book, or thereabouts, there is variety of incident and action, and the unfolding of a pretty plot. Then the author seems to lose his grip, the narrative becomes disjointed and chaotic, and we get callow philosophy in the place of dramatic vigor. Toward the end, we fairly lose our way in a morass of incoherent ravings, and the story vanishes clean out of sight. Mr. MacFall should beware of fine writing; he has in this instance suffered ignominious defeat for attempting it. He should also cultivate compression, for he is garrulous beyond endurance. The title of the novel is a Nietzschean suggestion, we may add by way of explanation.

We thought that Mr. Benson had lived down the memory of "Dodo." Certainly he has made a strenuous effort to do so, and he showed himself to be made of sterner stuff when he chose the war of Greek independence for the subject of two exceptionally strong novels. But his latest novel, although far from being the mere froth of his first early indiscretion, shows him still beset by the temptation

to turn out sparkling epigrams, and to make the daily intercourse of average mortals an exchange of labored repartee. It is called "The Relentless City," and the reason thereof is a mystery. A part of the story is placed in New York, and that metropolis is pictured as an insatiate monster which makes exhausting demands upon the vitality of its denizens. If this be the explanation, the title is badly forced, but we can suggest no other. Mr. Benson's mental attitude toward things American is curious. He seems to have spent a few weeks among us, and to have seen the sort of things that are usually seen by the properly accredited visiting Englishman. He writes of society (in the vulgar sense) in New York and Newport, and depicts it as the pursuit of hollow joys by persons of unbounded wealth. Of American life, properly speaking, he seems to know absolutely nothing. But in dealing with the phases he has seen (or perhaps only imagined), he exhibits a singular striving to be sympathetic, if patronizing, and then undoes all his efforts by indulgence in a kind of caricature more grotesque than was ever imagined by Dickens. His English types bear, of course, some resemblance to life, although even that is marred by the sort of conventional literary glitter with which he feels bound to invest them. There is a good deal of writing in the book that is merely slovenly, and there is no constructive art worth speaking of. We cannot congratulate Mr. Benson upon his latest performance.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

NOTES ON NEW NOVELS.

"The Ambassadors" (Harper) is one of the longest, if not the very longest, novel Mr. Henry James has yet written. It is in something of his earlier manner, — his earlier manner, that is, with all the keenness of analysis his superior age and all the subtlety of treatment his advancing art make possible. His style is less involved here than in other comparatively recent writings of his, yet it is far too intricate to permit the conscientious reader any of the delights of skipping with the possibility of understanding all that happens after the break. The two most engaging characters in the book are those of an elderly man who regards himself as a failure because he is merely the editor of a very minor magazine published through the money of an elderly widow who is interested in him, and of a gentlewoman courier whom he meets in England while on his way to France to extricate the son of the widow from an entanglement with an altogether enchanting Frenchwoman. It will be seen that in such an argument Mr. James has abundant room for the display of his finest qualities, and "The Ambassadors" will no doubt rank with his more notable achievements.

Once granting that no such character as Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis has drawn for the title rôle in "The Boss" (Barnes) could by any possibility talk or write in the language assigned him — a shrewd mixture of the Tudor translator and the western cowboy, — we must recognize in the story an interesting and accurate study of a modern human phenomenon, and one of the most artis-

tically conceived and executed works of fiction among the number of similar books recently published. From a street boy the "Boss" becomes the arbiter of the destinies of the city of New York. Mr. Lewis points out, far too clearly to admit of misunderstanding, that it is only through intimate alliance with the so-called "best element" in the community that the boss is permitted to thrive as a licensed land-pirate. The moral element of the tale, above and beyond the sordidness of the chief character and his associates in crime against the body politic, is to be found in the retribution which follows him through life, inflicted in the bosom of his family as an indirect result of his iniquity, though never consciously accepted by him as such.

Another political boss — in Philadelphia this time — figures in "The Chasm" (Appleton), a book written by Messrs. Reginald Wright Kauffman and Edward Childs Carpenter. Here, again, one has to make allowances, for the authors assume that a shrewd Irishman is foolish enough to think that an education begun in private American schools and rounded out at Oxford and by continental travel will fit his only son to take up his political power and carry it from municipal bossism into international statesmanship. The failure of the experiment is as complete as it is inevitable; though this is the engineering feat by which the chasm between the Irish boss and an American girl of mature age and excellent position is finally bridged. There is much movement in the story.

The passing of the Mississippi steamboat as the dictator of transportation, and the coming into power of the railway, form the theme of "Tennessee Todd" (Barnes), which Mr. G. W. Ogden rightly describes in his sub-title as "A Novel of the Great River." The potentate of the steamboat trade and the coming railway magnate are partners. Fair warning is given of the passing of the power of the river boat when the partnership is dissolved, but a losing fight is promptly begun and persisted in with all the eventual ferocity of a fixed idea. The son of the railway man and the daughter of the steamboat man fall in love; and the young, uncontrolled, but essentially womanly young person who gives title to the book adds her mite to the other asperities of the situation to keep its course from running smooth. Mr. Ogden records a chapter in national development that is being rapidly forgotten, and does it acceptably and with forcefulness.

While it is the catching of the masculine affections "on the rebound" that gives its name to Miss Mary Moss's "A Sequence in Hearts" (Lippincott), and the story is mainly interesting as a study of psychology in love among Philadelphians of the better class, there is a real comprehension of the problems presented by monopoly and labor that has more than ordinary pertinence at this time, the scene of the conflicting interests being the anthracite fields of Pennsylvania. One of the characters in the book — and the most engaging of its masculine figures — is the owner of a mine, and he purposes settling his differences with his men without interference from his fellow-operators. The book can be read not only for the interest of its story, but also for the actual information it contains, evidently based as it is on first-hand knowledge.

Four short stories make up Mrs. Mary Halleck Foote's volume entitled "A Touch of Sun, and Other Stories" (Houghton), and all are done with that exact touch and cleverness which have so long been accredited to this acceptable writer. They are tales of life on the

Pacific side of the Great Divide, and interpret the variance in character which gives California and its people so much of individuality among the states of the Union. The first of them, the story that lends its name to the volume, is admirably made up of a semi-tropical background before which, in a semi-tropical atmosphere, is enacted a tale of love, with the young man a fine product of all that is best in the ordered life of New England and the young woman all that is different on the other edge of the continent. The second story, "Pilgrims to Mecca," presents a similar contrast between East and West; and the two others, while not variants on the same theme, are filled with keen knowledge and analysis of character.

From such work as this to Miss Frances Parker's "Marjie of the Lower Ranch" (C. M. Clark Co.) implies the passing from polite and clever comedy to melodrama, pure and simple. Marjie is a nice young girl who is manifestly out of place on a western ranch among the mountains. Not far from her dwells an outlaw, who is still guardian for the grown son of a friend who has gone to his reward. There are ensuing mysteries, and the course of true love is sadly cluttered with many things. But it all comes right in the *dénouement*. The book is interesting, though sensational.

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford's "That Betty" (Revell) is a pretty little story of a humbly circumstanced New England girl, written with a more direct appeal to other young girls than to the general public. It has humor, pathos, self-sacrifice, and the eventual reward in its pages, and is *genre* work of the better sort, with a moral lesson not too obtrusively dragged into the main current of events. Such love as is shown here, like faith, will move mountains, and every difficulty of life, present, past, and to come, would disappear before it as the world's one alcahest.

The ravings of insanity fill most of the pages of Mr. Horace Mann's "The World-Destroyer" (Lucas-Lincoln Co.), its protagonist being a rich young man who has conceived himself to be the Emperor of the World. In the course of his more public demonstration of his qualifications for the office he is confined in a mad-house, and there his book is supposed to be written. As the lucid intervals are in no way designated, it is impossible for the reader to separate fact from frenzy, and the book is none the less morbid because the young man is desperately in love.

The charm of such a community (of course with due allowance for differences of time and country) as Gray depicted in his "Elegy" is in Mrs. Margaret Deland's "Dr. Lavender's People" (Harper), a book of character sketches of real literary refinement. The kindly old clergyman, rector of the most human of parishes, acts as the *deus ex machina* for all the adversities which untoward circumstance and mortal frailty can inflict upon his parishioners,—boys and girls, men and women. This interposition of the wise and kindly old man enables Mrs. Deland to spiritualize every one of the six novelettes which make up the volume, and leaves it a book to be admired on every account.

The old Indiana road that ended at Fort Dearborn gives title to "On the We-a Trail" (Macmillan), in which Mrs. Caroline Atwater Brown tells the tale of whites and Indians during the second war of independence, and tells it with a knowledge of and sympathy for the aborigines which gives it a place by itself. Their actual savagery is never minimized; but its causes, so often springing from rivalries among European nations and

white Americans, are also detailed, and one is permitted to see that they are quite as human as their lighter skinned brethren. Especially well-drawn is the character of the old French priest, while an Indian maiden preserves something of the Pocahontas tradition. The romantic atmosphere of the narrative is finely rendered, and the book one of sustained strength.

Coming down a long generation to a scene geographically proximate, Mr. Charles Major has written "A Forest Hearth" (Macmillan) in the somewhat saccharine manner he has done so much to make his own. His people live in Indiana in the third or fourth decade of the last century, the real hero of the narrative being an excellent English gentleman, exiled by an unhappy love, who is the keeper of the general store in the little settlement. The pretty young girl who grows up under his fostering protection, which shields her against a mother with a hypertrophied sense of justice, is far more sensible than her youthful lover, who allows himself to be shot at twice from behind by his deadly rival and mortal enemy. It is a book which will be read for its profusion of sentiment, and admired by the judicious for its almost forgotten background of semi-rustic life long ago.

The curious reversal of process which turns a dramatic work into a romance or a romantic history, the annals of literature pointing all in the other direction, is responsible for Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's "The Proud Prince" (Russell), a novel based on the play lately written for Mr. E. H. Sothorn. The practice of this phase of fictional art seems too slight to permit of results truly literary, and the story remains essentially dramatic. This latter effect is heightened by the use of reproduced photographs of the characters in the drama as illustrations for the book, thus emphasizing the differences between stage conventions and the art of the illustrator, just as the text serves to show the differences between the convention of the play and of the romance. The product seems illegitimate in a real sense, much as if sculpture and painting had been combined in a single work to produce a given effect, one deriving directly from the other. The play was interesting, the book is readable yet not artistic.

The Rev. Joseph Hocking, like his brother the Rev. Silas K. Hocking, has a mighty following in Great Britain as a writer of pious romance. His newest book, "A Flame of Fire" (Revell), is a story simple enough in both conception and execution. Its action takes place in the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth, just previous to the sailing of the Great Armada. Three men set out from England to rescue from Spanish hands the kinswoman of one and the former love of another of the trio. These doughty heretics defy and put to scorn not only the dreaded Inquisition,—conducted on this occasion by the Jesuits,—but Philip himself. The *corpus* upon a wonder-working crucifix performs a miracle to save the English party, and, of course, it all comes right in the end.

The short stories that make up the contents of Mr. W. W. Jacobs's "Odd Craft" (Scribner) are in something of the author's best manner, though less related to the sea and those who go down into it in ships than any of his former writings. He deals with the lower classes with the same inimitable humor that has characterized all of his work, his turn of thought and play of light fancy bringing a chuckle with almost every paragraph. Mr. Jacobs delights in situations almost picaresque, and the ne'er-do-well with a genius for

roguery plays no small part in the fourteen tales that compose the present volume. The admirable illustrations of Mr. Will Owen are almost as mirth-provoking as the text.

Miss Una L. Silberrad has a touch in fiction perfectly secure, and her new and strangely-named novel, "Petronilla Herroven" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), is additional proof of the fact. Her present theme, as in previous books, is unusual, and her characters original. A young girl of uncertain parentage and humble circumstances is insulted by a wealthy and influential man who later procures her dismissal by her putative father's mother. Self-contained from childhood, Petronilla goes slowly on to her revenge until her utterly unscrupulous enemy decides upon her murder. Here a higher fate interposes, and with security comes love and abundant compensations for earlier unhappiness. The book is vividly written, yet with restraint, and is fairly fascinating in its developments. It leaves, moreover, a faithful impression of English village life, touching with fidelity upon several social grades in humbler life.

"Wanted—A Wife, By A. Bachelor" (D. V. Wien & Co.) is not exactly fiction, though the teller of the story is something of a hero. His desire is for a life-partner who shall be above everything else womanly. In nominating his ideal he tramples on the toes of most of the modern prejudices in favor of sexual equality, and contrives to hit at both mankind and womankind, as they flourish to-day, with fine impartiality. "Men who are considered intelligent have not a single original thought," he remarks; "their conversation reproduces with more or less exactness the contents of their newspapers, and one is startled to see how many people who should know how to think for themselves have lost all initiative in the working of their mental apparatus." There are pages of this sort of thing; but the book is dull, and it will be finished with the conclusion that, after all, "A. Bachelor" deserves as his reward that English ideal: a stupid wife.

A cruise in the Caribbean Sea is the motive of Mr. F. Frankfort Moore's "Shipmates in Sunshine" (Appleton), which may be described as a book of travel fictionized by the introduction of four or five little romances among the writer's fellow-passengers. There is thus an opportunity to describe the various islands of the West Indies where landings were made, with their people and habits and manners as seen in this casual way. The book must have been a pleasant one to write, and its equable tale of sunny days and balmy climes is certainly pleasant to read.

In "The Strife of the Sea" (Baker & Taylor Co.) Mr. T. Jenkins Hains undertakes to do for the denizens of the sea and its shores what Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton has done for land animals and their human hunters and companions. He does it in practically the same manner, also, and seems to find it easy to assign a fairly human psychology to pelicans, penguins, and albatrosses on one side, and to porpoises, loggerhead turtles, sharks, albicore, and the giant rays or devil-fish on the other. Most of the stories deal with mankind as well, but the essential thing is the sea bird, cetacean, or huge fish which he has described. As the inhabitants of the waters and their shores are predatory in the extreme, there is slaughter and to spare throughout the book, though lives are saved almost as often as they are lost. The book is striking, and in subject matter—though not in treatment—is sufficiently original.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Thoughts for the thoughtful.

In his recent Huxley Memorial Lecture, Professor Karl Pearson lays such stress on the importance of heredity as to discourage belief in the influence of environment and in the efficacy of individual exertion toward self-improvement. Bishop Spalding, in his "Glimpses of Truth" (McClurg), preaches the contrary doctrine, holding that what man "has produced within himself transcends, directs, and controls that which is born in him"; and consequently that "in law, in medicine, and in the ministry, the greatest students, not the greatest talents, reach the summit." In literature, he adds, education and endless pains take the precedence of rude genius. This hopeful view, not only of the certainty of free-will, but of its infinite power of accomplishment, gives its helpful and inspiring character to the whole book. Yet the author seems to contradict himself when, emphasizing the vanity of things earthly, he says, "Mankind would be much what they are had their heroes never lived." Surely, he cannot mean that the real heroes of progress and reform have left no mark on the race. Although he returns again and again to the all-importance of the inner life, of study and meditation, he counsels us to refrain from analyzing our knowledge and our faith. But he must admit that to a thoughtful man that is not knowledge which cannot stand the test of analysis, and none but a reasoned faith can gain his acceptance. Indeed, only seven pages further on he writes: "They who think are the only noblemen. They are the masters of all they know, have overcome what they understand." This little book, of about the size of the "Imitatio Christi," contains frequent reminders of Thomas à Kempis, who might well have written such a sentence as this: "If thou art censured, examine thy conscience; if praised, believe it flattery"; or this: "Thy virtues are all the more real the less thou thinkest of them; but thy vices thou canst not study too assiduously." Now and then occurs an aphorism suggestive of Emerson. "Consistency is a virtue of the unprogressive," recalls the "hobgoblin of little minds." That our philosopher is no mere dreamer is proved by his daily life, as well as by his valued service on the late Anthracite Strike Commission; and his book is all the better for this.

A patriot and financier of the Revolution.

One of the most interesting and instructive of the lives of our public men is that which has been newly told by Dr. Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer in his volume entitled "Robert Morris, Patriot and Financier" (Macmillan). The important part that Morris played in the desperate conditions of our Revolutionary struggle is not generally appreciated; to many his name is not even known. In several text-books the reviewer finds no mention of his name, and in others no mention is made of the great part that he took in the emergencies of

the war. But one biography of Morris has been previously written, the small volume by Professor Sumner, who could not obtain the privilege of using Morris's papers in the preparation of his book. These papers have now been purchased by the government, and Mr. Oberholtzer's book has been written mainly from these and from other materials found in Philadelphia. It is a thorough piece of work, and the story of Morris's life is told in an interesting way, though it is so full of dramatic contrast as well as of historical value that it could not be uninteresting in any hands. The publishers have given the work a most appropriate and tasteful dress; in paper, binding, illustrations, and index, it is thoroughly satisfactory. The life of Robert Morris is typically American. A poor boy of obscure parentage, he showed himself apt in business, and became a merchant prince; called to public life he was ready to accept the greatest responsibilities; he was magnanimous and patriotic, giving himself and his wealth without stint to meet the necessities of the government; the intimate friend of Washington, and entertaining with lavish hospitality all the distinguished people of the day, he finally lost all that he had through over-sanguine speculation and the booming of land companies, and spent more than three years in a debtor's prison, from which he emerged a broken man of sixty-eight, dependent on his family and friends. The rare ability and complete devotion that he gave to the financial needs of his country in her darkest days, and his buoyant faith in her glorious future, entitle him to a place among great Americans.

*Charming essays
by a woman.*

In an article in these columns, about two years ago, the question of "Woman and the Essay" was discussed, — with the practical conclusion that we have no women essayists. Some of the arguments then used were that the essays of women, while often clever, are too frequently overweighted by voluminous reading; that they are too labored and profound, or too flippant and diffuse; that they lack personality and distinction of style, and are also lacking in humor and impartiality — for women are apt to be self-conscious, and are by nature partisan. It is pleasant to find an absence of many of the above-mentioned faults, and the presence of qualities most to be desired in the light essay, in Mrs. Isa Carrington Cabell's volume entitled "The Thoughtless Thoughts of Carisabel" (Holt). Over a range of subjects as wide as from "The New Man" to "How Belinda Had the Grippe," this woman essayist is always good-natured and always herself. There is no undue self-consciousness or weak sentimentality even when she writes of such subjects as love and marriage; and there is considerable humor and insight into human character when the subjects are "Servants," "Dinner Parties," and "Conversation." In short, it is the sort of book which on its arrival in the house finds its fresh-cut leaves turned by each member of the household. A second or

more critical reading often reveals defects in style and a lack of finish, but there is not a chapter in the collection which does not afford amusement and pay for the reading. The point of view — "the unfashionable and *passé* opinion of a survivor of a past age," — applied to most of the modern subjects of the day, both facts and fancies, is a charming combination consistently carried out.

*A Japanese
thesaurus.*

It is refreshing among the multitude of books devoted to Japan, to open one that has some sense of perspective. In most of them the *geisha* is apt to occupy a place out of all proportions to the body social or politic. The author of "A Handbook of Modern Japan" (McClurg), Mr. Ernest W. Clement, is by no means a novice, either in his knowledge of Japan or in the making of literature. At Mito in the island empire, one of the old seats of feudal glory, knightly culture, and native learning, a decade and a half ago he spent several years not only as American teacher, but as an eager and patient investigator of Japanese history. He who knows well the transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan (out of which so many books on "the sunny isles" are made in New York and London) knows also Mr. Clement's scholarship and literary industry. This handbook is a thesaurus of information concerning modern Japan. Fifty years ago, such enterprise would have cost Mr. Clement imprisonment. Now, however, the Japanese government vies with the foreigner in making public all things — except unbaked delicacies of diplomacy and contemporaneous military information. So, out of his own treasures and the superb annual *Résumé Statistique* of the Imperial Cabinet in Tokio, Mr. Clement has given us a double portion. We have here a feast served by a *chef* of long experience; everything has been proved by tasting, and all the ingredients and flavors known before being spread on the banquet table. The general excellence of the book extends to the proof-reading, and to the index also. Clear and abundant illustrations reinforce the text, and the bibliographies at the end of the various chapters are the selection of a scholar at home among the very mixed crowd of books that represent and, for the most part, misrepresent Japan. In Mr. Clement's bibliographies, books of this latter class are conspicuous by their absence. It would be difficult to name an important theme left unnoticed in this handy volume. History, industry, modern politics, manners and customs, the new woman, literature, language, aesthetics, religions, Christian missions, — all are discussed in a most pleasant and readable manner. The appendix is full of interesting items, — as for instance, we are told that in the Peking campaign, the Japanese, as compared with French, German, Russian, and American soldiers, had the fewest sick and disabled by disease. This is the book for the hour when Russia looms and Korea shrivels, or for the year and decade when — the map of Eastern Asia may be arranged.

*More of the
German struggle
for liberty.*

In the third volume of his "History of the German Struggle for Liberty" (Harper), Mr. Poultney Bigelow continues his story from 1815 to 1848. As in the preceding volumes, the method is biographical, and the author's journalistic training enables him to present, in his separate chapters, vivid pictures of individual characters or of single incidents. But the absence of any series of striking events, such as marked the Napoleonic wars, deprives the work of that chronological sequence that is essential in historical narrative. Mr. Bigelow recognizes this defect in his work, but urges, in his preface, that any other method would have been "dull beyond comparison." This statement is at least debatable; and certainly the selection of characters and grouping of events might have been such that the whole would not have made the impression of a hopeless jumble. As it is, the reader requires a clear outline of the salient facts in German history in order to understand, in many cases, what the author is driving at. A more objective treatment would also have been an improvement. We have, for example, a series of chapters on Jahn. A single one might have told better every fact given, and have shown better the influence of the patriot's life, had the atmosphere of personal impression not been attempted. Carlyle could flash the personality of Frederick the Great upon us in a series of vivid sketches, or Freytag could group the history of a period about a single figure. Mr. Bigelow lacks the genius of the former and the systematic method of the latter. Entertaining and pleasant his book doubtless is, but it neither adds to our available knowledge of the subject nor is a work that can, without reservation, be recommended to the general reader.

*English society
and politics in
the thirties.*

Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy's latest work, "The Sailor King, William IV., his Court and his Subjects" (Dodd), contains comparatively little about William himself, and still less about his nautical proclivities. But this is well; for who could endure the infliction of two octavo volumes on the sayings and doings of "Silly Billy"? We have, instead, an abundant flow of entertaining but not always edifying chronicle and gossip concerning the noted people of the time. That Charles Greville's Journal is one of the author's chief sources of information, will sufficiently indicate the character of the narrative. Byron's and Shelley's and the Honorable Mrs. Norton's domestic tragedies are again rehearsed at length; Disraeli's early eccentricities and unblushing audacities add something of piquancy to a twice-told tale; and the whole is generously embellished with portraits and dignified with wide margins and clear type. The author's way of expressing himself sometimes provokes a smile. The ages of his characters are reckoned by summers. Browning is spoken of as being in 1836 a "youth of barely twenty summers," which leaves four sum-

mers of his life unaccounted for. A fire, even the burning of old letters, is a "holocaust." A false assertion of Byron's is stigmatized as "mendacious untruthfulness." No example of veracious untruthfulness is given. Disraeli is "a mighty important personage." We are told that Mary Shelley gave birth to "a delicate girl baby who survived about ten days, much to its parents' grief." More regard for the little points of accuracy and the careful choice of words, even at the cost of a diminished output of his attractive volumes, is respectfully urged upon this popular writer.

*A compendium on
Central Europe.*

The second volume of "Appletons' World Series" maintains the promise made in the volume on "Britain and the British Seas" some months ago. To Dr. Joseph Partsch, Professor of Geography in the University of Breslau, was assigned the labor of treating Central Europe. He prepared his work in German, in which language it is yet to appear in his native country. To adapt it to the needs of the series of essays descriptive of the great natural regions of the world, appearing under the editorship of Mr. H. J. Mackinder, M.A., the Oxford Geographer, it required not only translation for the benefit of English-speaking readers, but some curtailment as well. The work of author, translators, editor, and cartographers has been so admirably done that we have a volume replete with information, not only geographical, but ethnographical, historical, political, and economic, regarding the most important and one of the most populous regions in the world, including Germany, Austria-Hungary, Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland, and the Balkan-Danubian states. This region is of perennial interest because of its position and world-relation, and has been the scene of events unparalleled in importance in the world's history. The appearance of the present work is especially timely because of the ethnic conditions which are an important element in the ever-recurring "Eastern question."

*Dr. van Dyke's
selections from
Tennyson's poems.*

There are few persons to whom we should be willing to entrust the editing of Tennyson's poems, but Dr. Henry van Dyke may surely be reckoned among the competent few. His choice from "The Poems of Tennyson," comprised in a neatly-bound volume of moderate size (Ginn), is the first representative selection ever published, all previous abridgements having been confined to some special form of verse. The poems are arranged and classified so as to show the growth of the poet's art from simple melody to the higher forms of poetical expression. The one hundred and thirty-six selections are chosen from all the fields of Tennyson's poetry except the dramas, which for obvious reasons could not well be represented. The shorter pieces are given in their entirety, and the text is that of Tennyson's latest revision. The introduction furnishes a scholarly

guide to the perusal of the poems. It outlines Tennyson's life, discusses his place in the literature of the nineteenth century, his use of the sources from which he drew his material, his revision of his work, and the qualities of his poetry; besides fully explaining Dr. van Dyke's system of classification as followed in this volume. The illustrations include two portraits of Tennyson and two views of his homes. The frontispiece is from Partridge's head of the poet in marble, which is owned by Dr. van Dyke. Paper and print are of excellent quality, and the binding is simple and dignified. The volume will be a good one for introductory study or for familiar reading of Tennyson.

*Essays by
Frank Norris.*

A fresh reading of the essays of the late Frank Norris, collected under the title of "The Responsibilities of the Novelist, and Other Literary Essays" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), leaves one with a sense of their virility and sincerity, combined with a certain roughness and crudeness characteristic of them throughout. Such expressions as the "razor contingent," for men, and the "G. A. N." for the "Great American Novelist," with a frequent use of trite slang phrases, offend the taste in a serious discussion of literary subjects. It is reasonable and fair, however, to presume that had Mr. Norris lived to revise these writings he might have given them the polish which they lack in their present form. They are full of wholesome truths and ideals for the young aspirant in literature, and their appeal for something more racial and more vigorous than has yet been produced in American literature is sounded with Mr. Norris's usual courage and hopefulness.

BRIEFER MENTION.

"The Unit Books" of Mr. Howard Wilford Bell, which we mentioned a year or more ago in connection with the English inception of the enterprise, have now been transplanted to American soil, and the first issues of the series are at hand. These books give us carefully-edited reprints, with notes, of books that are both famous and interesting, published with the authority of the owners (if there are any), and sold at the low rate of one cent for twenty-five pages. The two volumes now before us are Hawthorne's "The Marble Faun," at twenty-one cents, and a volume of Lincoln's letters and addresses. For thirty or fifty cents additional, the books may be had in cloth or leather covers. This seems to us a very commendable undertaking, and we wish it success. One hundred titles are already announced, and suggestions for additional volumes are invited.

Canon Ainger's volume on Crabbe, in the series of "English Men of Letters" (Macmillan) is a piece of graceful and accomplished literary biography, dealing with its subject in a spirit of full sympathy, yet making no extravagant claims. Crabbe's memoir by his son, some notes by FitzGerald, a few letters, and the poet's own manuscript sermons and commonplace

books, constitute the material with which Mr. Ainger has worked. Good taste and scholarship characterize the work throughout. The right of Crabbe to a place in this series was hardly to be disputed, and, so much being allowed, he could not have hoped for a more judicious biographer.

"Gemme della Letteratura Italiana" is a handsome thousand-page volume published by Mr. Henry Frowde in connection with Signor Barbera of Florence. The work is edited by Professor Joel Foote Bingham, whose portrait appears as a frontispiece. This extensive anthology is provided with biographies, critical notes, and other apparatus, including a series of appendices, dealing with the Italian Academies, and giving synopses of the most important works in Italian literature. The work covers the entire period of Italian literary history, from the origins down to the writers of the present day, and constitutes a small library in itself. There is not an English word in the volume from the first page to the last.

In this age of reprints, Charles Lamb has not had his due share of attention until recently. The neglect is now more than atoned for by the nearly simultaneous appearance of three editions of his works. The first of these editions, of which four stout volumes are at hand, has been prepared under the supervision of Mr. E. V. Lucas, and gives us "The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb." The American publishers are the Messrs. Putnam. The apparatus of notes is very extensive. There are to be seven volumes of the works, besides two of biography. The edition published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., in connection with Messrs. Dent of London, extends to twelve volumes, and is edited by Mr. William Macdonald. The pictorial feature of this edition is one of its most marked characteristics. There are also abundant notes. These two editions may be regarded in a sense as rivals; the third one before us, published by the Messrs. Scribner, is a mere reprint in a single volume, which is of pocket size, although the use of thin paper extends its dimensions to over eight hundred pages.

It would be difficult to praise too highly the work done by Misses Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke in their new editions of Shakespeare, published by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. The "Camberwell" Browning of these industrious literary workers has already left us deeply in their debt, and the obligation is more than doubled by the work of Shakespearean editing upon which they are now engaged. There are two editions, the "First Folio" and the "Pembroke." The former we have mentioned on a previous occasion, and need at present do no more than repeat the statement that it gives us a play to a volume, and supplies with each play an amount of critical and "variorum" material which is ample for all the ordinary needs of the student. The text is absolutely that of 1623 in every respect. This edition is coming out slowly, and "The Comedie of Errors," just issued, is the third volume thus far published. Meanwhile, the "Pembroke" edition comes to us complete in twelve volumes. Here also we have the text of 1623, together with a simplified critical apparatus which will quite satisfy the general reader. Each play has an introduction and a running glossary, and each volume has a portrait in photogravure. "Pericles," of course, is reprinted from the first quarto of 1609. The twelfth volume of the set contains the poems and sonnets, together with a brief biography of the poet.

NOTES.

Early in the present year Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co. of New York will publish "From Paris to New York by Land," written by Mr. Harry De Windt, F.R.G.S., author of "The New Siberia," etc., and who is now lecturing in this country.

"The Omar Calendar" for 1904 is an attractive production issued by Messrs. Fox, Duffield & Co. It is printed on uncalendared Japan paper, and each of its twelve sheets bears one of the Rubaiyat, set in a decorative border designed by Mr. Austin Smith.

The year-book for 1902-3 of the Bibliographical Society of Chicago has just appeared, and contains several interesting studies, the most important of which is "Some Bibliographical Notes on Italian Communal History," contributed by Mr. A. M. Wolfson.

A "Text-Book Bulletin for Schools and Colleges" just issued by Messrs. Ginn & Co., has an unusual feature in the shape of a very interesting leading article on "Some Landmarks in the History of Latin Grammar," illustrated with many facsimiles, contributed by Professor George Lyman Kittredge.

"The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" and "The Refugees" have just been added to the new library edition of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's novels, published by the Messrs. Appleton. To the similar series of the writings of "Anthony Hope" two volumes have also been added, one containing "Rupert of Hentzau," the other containing "The Dolly Dialogues" and "Comedies of Courtship." Both these editions are sold in sets, by subscription.

Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. announce that they have just completed arrangements for the publication in England of Miss Liljencrantz's popular romances "The Thrill of Leif the Lucky" and "The Ward of King Canute." The English editions are to contain the color pictures which have proved so strong a factor in the success of the books. It may be noted in this connection that the Kinneys, whose pictures for these stories first attracted public attention to their capabilities as book illustrators, have just closed a contract for a series of paintings to be used in a story which Messrs. McClurg will issue in the Spring.

A volume interesting to the bibliophile on several accounts is "The History of Oliver and Arthur," lately added to the Riverside Press special editions by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The work was originally written in French in 1511, and was translated into German in 1521. It is from the German edition that the present English version, by Mr. William Leighton and Miss Eliza Barrett, has been made. In printing the volume the publishers have endeavored to preserve something of the medieval flavor of the work. It is printed on hand-made paper, in "black letter" type with rubricated initials, and set in a double-columned page. Some forty engravings, redrawn from the old wood cuts which appeared in the original, serve as illustrations.

The Massachusetts Civil Service Reform Auxiliary offers, free of all expense, pamphlets on civil service reform to all high schools, normal schools, and colleges willing to make these pamphlets the subject of a lesson in their civics course. The titles of the pamphlets are "The Merit System — The Spoils System," by Mr. Edward Cary, and "The Merit System of Municipalities," by Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff. As the circu-

lation of this offer directly to the heads of colleges and schools must of necessity be gradual, the Massachusetts auxiliary takes pleasure in announcing to teachers and others interested in the subject that copies of the above pamphlets together with other of its publications may be obtained free on application to the Assistant Secretary, Miss Marian C. Nichols, 55 Mount Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

January, 1904.

Advertising, Psychology of. Walter D. Scott. *Atlantic*.
 Americans, Some 19th Century. M. A. DeW. Howe. *Atlantic*.
 America's Unconquered Mountain. F. A. Cook. *Harper*.
 Arbitration, Two Treaties of. Thomas Barclay. *No. Amer.*
 Art, An American Palace of. Sylvester Baxter. *Century*.
 Brangwyn, Frank. M. H. Spielmann. *Scribner*.
 Bridgman, Laura. William James. *Atlantic*.
 Caribbean Domination. Frederic C. Penfield. *No. American*.
 Chess Tournaments, International. Emil Kemeny. *Forum*.
 City Underground, A Busy. W. R. Stewart. *World's Work*.
 Colombia. Thomas S. Alexander. *World's Work*.
 Colonial History, A Neglected Chapter of Our. *Harper*.
 Dorelic-Hunters, The. Henry H. Lewis. *Harper*.
 Dog, Our Friend, the. Maurice Maeterlinck. *Century*.
 English, Is it Becoming Corrupt? T. R. Lounsbury. *Harper*.
 Eskimo Seal Hunters. F. Swindlehurst. *World's Work*.
 Fair, Main Plan of the. E. H. Brush. *World's Work*.
 French Politics, Storm-Centre of. O. Guerlac. *Century*.
 Gladstone, Morley's. Goldwin Smith. *North American*.
 Gladstone, Morley's Life of. Rollo Ogden. *Atlantic*.
 Government, Scientific Work of the. S. P. Langley. *Scribner*.
 House to Live in, The Best. Joy W. Dow. *World's Work*.
 Immigration Restriction. H. C. Lodge, F. P. Sargent. *Century*.
 Invention, The Home of. Arthur Goodrich. *World's Work*.
 Jewish Question, The. Arnold White. *North American*.
 Journalism, School of. Horace White. *North American*.
 Labor Met by its Own Methods. *World's Work*.
 Lhaaza, Latest News from. Rev. E. Kawaguchi. *Century*.
 Negroes, Lynching of. Thomas N. Page. *No. American*.
 New Year, The: Prosperity or Depression? *Rev. of Reviews*.
 Panama and Colombia. John M. Williams. *World's Work*.
 Parsifal. Lawrence Gilman. *North American*.
 Poetry of America. Churton Collins. *North American*.
 Politician in Life and Fiction. F. C. Williams. *World's Work*.
 Post-Office Department, Argus of the. *Review of Reviews*.
 President's Message and the Isthmian Canal. *No. American*.
 Public, Catering for the. Bliss Perry. *Atlantic*.
 Public Schools about New York. Adele Shaw. *World's Work*.
 Radioactive Elements, Disintegration of the. *Harper*.
 Radium. Ernest Merritt. *Century*.
 Radium and Radioactivity. Mme. S. Curie. *Century*.
 Root, Elihu. Walter Wellman. *Review of Reviews*.
 Root's Services in the War Department. *North American*.
 Russo-Japanese Imbroglio, The. *Forum*.
 Sarpi, Fra Paolo. A. D. White. *Atlantic*.
 Soab, The. Jack London. *Atlantic*.
 Sex Superiority, Woman's Assumption of. *No. American*.
 Shakespeare's King Richard III. Ernest Rhys. *Harper*.
 Singapore. Elizabeth W. H. Wright. *Atlantic*.
 Sky, Blue Color of the. T. J. J. See. *Atlantic*.
 Slave-Market at Marrakesh. S. L. Benson. *Harper*.
 Southwestern Oil Industry. Status of. *Review of Reviews*.
 Spencer, Herbert. F. J. E. Woodbridge. *Rev. of Reviews*.
 Spencer, Herbert. George Iles. *World's Work*.
 Spencer, Herbert. William H. Hudson. *North American*.
 Street Railway Legislation in Illinois. E. B. Smith. *Atlantic*.
 Texas Cattle Fever. C. S. Potts. *Review of Reviews*.
 Theatre of the People, The. A. Schiav. *Lippincott*.
 Transcendental Period, The. T. W. Higginson. *Atlantic*.
 Valley of Wonders, A New. F. S. Dallenbaugh. *Scribner*.
 Walnut, English, in Southern California. *Review of Reviews*.
 War of 1812, The. A. T. Mahan. *Scribner*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 43 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

The Story of a Soldier's Life. By Field-Marshal Viscount Wolsley. In 2 vols., with photogravure portrait, and plans, large 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$8. net.

Life and Letters of Robert Lewis Dabney. By Thomas Cary Johnson. Illus. in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 585. Richmond: Presbyterian Committee of Publication. \$2.50 net.

HISTORY.

Ledger and Sword; or, The Honourable Company of Merchants of England Trading to the East Indies (1599-1874). By Beekles Willson. In 2 vols., illus. in photogravure, etc., large 8vo. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$7. net.

Historical Lectures and Addresses. By Mandell Creighton, D.D.; edited by Louise Creighton. 12mo, uncut, pp. 346. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$2.

Where American Independence Began: Quincy, its Famous Group of Patriots, their Deeds, Homes and Descendants. By Daniel Munro Wilson. Second edition, enlarged. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 327. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.25 net.

The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898. Edited by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson; with historical introduction and additional notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne. Vol. VIII., 1591-1893. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 320. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co. \$5. net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

My Cookery Books. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Limited edition; illus., 4to, uncut, pp. 171. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$30. net.

A History of Classical Scholarship, from the Sixth Century, B.C., to the End of the Middle Ages. By John Edwin Sandys, Litt.D. 12mo, pp. 672. Macmillan Co. \$3.50 net.

An Examination of the Shelley Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library. By C. D. Locock, B.A. With facsimile, large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 75. Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

A Book of American Humorous Verse, and A Book of American Prose Humor. Each 16mo, gilt top, uncut. H. S. Stone & Co. Per vol., \$1.25.

The Book of the Short Story. Edited by Alexander Jessup and Henry Sidel Canby. 12mo, pp. 507. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. By Robert Louis Stevenson; illus. in photogravure, etc., by Charles Raymond Macaulay. Large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 189. Scott-Thaw Co. \$2. net.

The Four Socratic Dialogues of Plato. Trans. and edited by Benjamin Jowett; with Preface by Edward Caird, M.A. 12mo, uncut, pp. 274. Oxford University Press. \$1.15.

Selections from the Confessio Amantis of Gower. Edited by G. C. Macaulay, M.A. With frontispiece, 16mo, pp. 302. Oxford University Press. \$1.10.

BOOKS OF VERSE.

Pat McCarty, Farmer, of Antrim; His Rhymes, with a Setting. By John Stevenson. 12mo, uncut, pp. 351. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$2. net.

The Temple of Friendship, and Other Poems. By Vincent Benson. 12mo, uncut, pp. 149. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

Random Verse. By Herman Knickerbocker Vié. 8vo, uncut, pp. 89. Brentano's. \$1.20 net.

Voices and Visions. By Franklin Baldwin Wiley. 12mo, uncut, pp. 92. Boston: R. G. Badger. \$1.25.

FICTION.

The Colonel's Opera Cloak. By Christine C. Brush. New edition, illus. by E. W. Kemble and A. E. Becher. 12mo, pp. 262. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.

From Kingdom to Colony. By Mary Devereux. New edition; illus., 12mo, pp. 382. Little, Brown, & Co. 75c.

RELIGION.

My Struggle for Light: Confessions of a Preacher. By R. Wimmer. 12mo, pp. 216. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

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The Book of Psalms. 32mo, gilt top, pp. 311. Jewish Publication Society. Leather.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Bound Kangchenjunga: A Narrative of Mountain Travel and Exploration. By Douglas W. Freshfield. Illus., 4to, uncut, pp. 373. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$6. net.

From Saranac to the Marquesas and Beyond: Letters Written by Mrs. M. I. Stevenson during 1887-88 to her Sister. Edited and arranged by Marie Clothilde Balfour; with introduction by George W. Balfour, M.D. With frontispiece, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 313. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2. net.

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Elements of Political Economy. By J. Shield Nicholson, M.A. 8vo, pp. 538. Macmillan Co. \$2.25 net.

International Exchange, Its Terms, Parts, Operations, and Scope: A Practical Work on the Foreign Banking Department and its Administration by American Bankers. By Anthony W. Margraff. With portrait, large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 299. Chicago: Fergus Printing Co. \$5.

NATURE.

Mushrooms, Edible, Poisonous, etc. By George Francis Atkinson. Second edition; illus. in color, etc., large 8vo, pp. 323. Henry Holt & Co. \$3. net.

ART.

Sir Joshua Reynolds. Illus. in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, gilt top. "Newnes' Art Library." Frederick Warne & Co. \$1.25.

REFERENCE.

A List of Books on the Philippine Islands in the Library of Congress. By A. P. C. Griffin; with chronological list of maps, by P. Lee Phillips. 4to, uncut, pp. 397. Government Printing Office.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Famous Battles of the Nineteenth Century. Described by various writers; edited by Charles Welsh. Vol. I., 1801-1817; Vol. II., 1861-1871. Each illus., 12mo. A. Weasels Co. Per vol., \$1. net.

The Manor School. By Mrs. L. T. Meade. Illus., 12mo, pp. 357. The Merabon Co. \$1.25.

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The Grown Baby Book. By F. Strange Kelle. Illus., 8vo, pp. 71. Boston: R. G. Badger. \$1.

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Two Centuries of Costume in America. By Alice Morse Earle. In 2 vols., illus., 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. Macmillan Co. \$5. net.

The New American Navy. By John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy 1897-1902. In 2 vols., illus., large 8vo, gilt tops. New York: The Outlook Co. \$5. net.

Manual of Library Economy. By James Duff Brown. Illus., 8vo, pp. 476. London: Scott, Greenwood & Co.

Japanese Physical Training. By H. Irving Hancock. Illus., 12mo, pp. 156. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

Christmas in Old Times and in Many Lands: A Christmas Masque in Two Acts. By Evelyn H. Walker. Illus., large 8vo, pp. 71. Chicago: W. M. Welch Co. \$1.50.

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